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Not a Dead Issue

Editorial Foreword

THE REORGANIZATION BILL of 1938 was defeated by Congress on April 8. It is unlikely, however, to remain a dead issue. The President in his "fireside chat" of June 24 indicated that he will fight for reorganization through the coming primaries and election.

The reorganization bill was the measure to abrogate the spoils system and to introduce economy and order into the executive branches of federal government. It embodied measures for which Republican presidents — Taft, Harding, Coolidge, Hoover — had striven in vain. It was the bill that a wise, cautious, and critical Washington journalist, David Lawrence, had once called "a breath of fresh air in a musty room." It answered the pleas of Republicans and businessmen for governmental economy. Yet it was these very elements that united with disaffected Democrats to bring about its defeat.

Politics again triumphed over statesmanship, prejudice over common sense. The bill went down before a demagogic outcry against "dictatorship." The vital opposition, however, was the desire to administer a rebuke to the President in defeating one of the most constructive measures of his administration and one essentially nonpartisan.

The press and other less disinterested organs of propaganda joined nervous bureaucrats and the dyspeptic in their unreasoning hysteria against dictatorship. Our flamboyant Elijah who soars on the radio waves, Father Coughlan, cried out for telegrams to "stop the reorganization bill as Washington stopped King George." And telegrams of protest rained on Congress by the hundred thousand.

'TO SPITE THE CONDUCTOR'

SARDONICALLY enough, when the bill was defeated, the very businessmen who had been clamoring for efficiency and retrenchment threw up their hats in jubilation. Stocks also bounded up on the exchanges — and then sank back again. When the smoke subsided, it was found that much of the objection was too synthetic to be very convincing. Batches of telegrams proved to be identical in wording. Thousands of the protests were from fictitious persons. Members of Congress who politely wrote letters of acknowledgment to the senders received their letters back with the notation *No such address*. As one of the authors of the bill declared, many were "willing to wreck the train to spite the conductor."

The fear of dictatorship was not the real fear that fought this attempt to improve the efficiency of democracy. Besides the emotional

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desire to rebuke the President, there were two very real fears: the fear of congressmen that they would substantially lose the perquisite of patronage and the fear of the bureaucrats glued to every phone that they would lose their jobs.

What were the chief provisions of the reorganization bill?

First, and least important, was the provision for six assistants to the President to help him understand the technical complications of a vast machinery of executive operation too devious for any one human brain to follow.

Second, the President was empowered to gather up 100 of the 135 independent commissions and agencies that are neither judicial nor legislative and place them where they belong, under responsible cabinet officers. The plague of new commissions is an American disease. Our commissions are part and parcel of the contagion of passing the buck, of letting someone else tackle a difficult and unpopular job. Whenever a department of the government is baffled by a particular problem or is afraid of a new job, the temptation to create another commission proves irresistible.

Third, there were to be created a Department of Public Welfare and a National Resources Planning Board. As far as the present writer is concerned, the progress of civilization in America requires four new departments: Public Health, Education, Fine Arts, Public Works. On the other hand, army, navy, and air forces should be merged under one Secretary of National Defense.

Fourth, it was proposed to establish something we do not now have, namely, a totally independent audit of all government financial transactions and books by an auditor who has no part in making the expenditures or keeping the books. This new auditor general was to be selected by the Congress so that there might be a far stronger accountability of the executive to the legislative branch. This involved the division of the work of the present comptroller general, and was heralded as the end of control and another step toward dictatorship, though the real upshot is precisely the opposite, as 70 years of English history show. It was argued that the new system would lock the barn door after the horse was stolen, though the evidence indicated that the audit is now 97 per cent after the event and often 3 years late, and that in 15 years there had never been an audit report published.

Last and most important was the reform of the spoils system toward a complete civil service. That service was to be made more efficient by the appointment of a single administrator in place of a commission and the placement of all the 800,000 employees of the executive government, except the few — perhaps 300 — responsible for political policy, on the civil list. At present 37 per cent of the 800,000 are the beneficiaries of patronage and exempt from examination as to merit.

The reorganization bill was based on the exhaustive report of a nonpartisan commission of experts, Drs. Brownlow, Merriam, and Gulick. These gentlemen have probably voted the Republican ticket more often than the Democratic. At any rate there are in the nation no three men more competent in the technique of efficient administration and more free from partisan sentiment.

'AYES' TO BE HEARD FROM

THE 'NOES' WERE heard from when the last reorganization bill was defeated. The *ayes* are now waking up throughout the country and, it may be hoped, will record their protest in the November elections. The same reorganization bill or a better bill should be one of the first considerations of the next session of Congress.

Eventually universal education in America will produce an intelligent public conscience which will enable our country, just as Sweden, even in time of peace, to legislate certain programs that are essentially nonpartisan without using them as footballs of political expediency. This happened in New York State when Charles Evans Hughes assisted Alfred E. Smith in reorganizing the cumbersome government of that State. It happened again in Maine when the Democrats came to the aid of Tudor Gardiner.

Common sense may be crushed to earth by prejudice, but it will rise again. The time will come when the American people will be as efficient in government as they have been in private business — and without yielding an inch to communism or dictatorship.

Henry Goddard Leach

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PITTSBURGH: What a City Shouldn't Be

by **DWIGHT MACDONALD**

THE LEAST IMPRESSIONABLE traveler senses in Pittsburgh a quality at once dramatic and depressing. No American city has a more pungent personality. Her smoke-plumed mills stretching interminably down the valleys of the Allegheny and the Monongahela, her dreary frame houses staggering up the steep hillsides, her massive "Pittsburgh Romanesque" mansions of the last century, her Golden Triangle of skyscrapers bearing names heavy with money — Frick, Koppers, Carnegie, Mellon — these are the expressions of a big-business culture at its crudest and most powerful. (There is little enough of culture in any other sense. Eleanora Duse died here; Gertrude Stein was born here — and that's about all.)

In Pittsburgh the battle lines have always been drawn sharply between the haves and the have nots. This is bloody ground, the scene of many crucial engagements between capital and labor — the railroad riots of 1877, which destroyed some $5,000,000 worth of Pennsylvania Railroad property; the Homestead strike, when Frick and the Pinkertons smashed the steel union; the bloody McKees Rocks strike of 1909, when the wobblies announced they would kill one State policeman for every striker killed (and made good their promise); the great steel strike of 1919. In Pittsburgh the class war is fought in its nakedest form. Even if one only stops off between trains, one senses this.

The most immediate impression, of course, is smoke. The air is always filled with tiny black soot particles which settle on one's hat, one's face, one's collar and neck. Near the steel mills, glittering specks of graphite dust one over like a newly decorated Christmas tree. There is probably no truth in the report that the women of Pittsburgh wear black underclothes. But it is true that in most private offices a washbowl is installed behind a screen and that several times a week the city is obliterated by an invasion of smog (smoke plus fog) which would do credit to London.

Like most other civic problems in Pittsburgh, the smoke nuisance is (1) ancient, (2) solvable, (3) unsolved. In 1804 a local editor named Zadok Cramer apologized for the city's murky atmosphere, explaining it was due to the burning of so much coal. In the 'fifties, a group of Pittsburgh doctors advanced a theory that the smoke was "anti-miasmatic" and hence beneficial to persons with weak lungs.

A more realistic view was taken by the city's Chief Smoke Inspector in his 1910 report:

> There is nothing else known to man that can produce so much filth, dirt, demoralization and disease in a given time as the smoke from bituminous coal. The continual envelope of smoke in which the wives and children of our mill and factory employees are compelled to live not only dwarfs the children but it destroys foliage and vegetation. . . . The time has now arrived when a determined campaign must be inaugurated against the smoke produced by our metallurgical furnaces.

(It seems the city had elaborate antismoke ordinances, but by some strange anomaly they didn't apply to iron and steel plants.)

But nothing came of the Inspector's indignation. Measurements taken during the 'twenties revealed that Pittsburgh was being deluged with a soot fall of incredible proportions — from 600 to 2,000 tons of soot per square mile per year. The Mellon Institute has been making a study of air pollution. But, if the air has been clearer of late years, it is owing to lack of orders and not to the Institute's researches. For smoke in Pittsburgh is an economic rather than a scientific problem. Smoke-eliminating devices exist, but the owners of the city's

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thousands of mill stacks have seen no profit in installing them.

And, after all, why not smoke? The mill superintendent and the housewife have very different ideas about smoke, and in Pittsburgh the housewife's ideas are not important. For Pittsburgh, properly speaking, isn't a city at all, if one defines a city as a place designed primarily for human habitation. Pittsburgh is a vast industrial organism, planned to produce goods efficiently, and the men who rule it — as firmly as their foremen rule their mills — have never had any other conception of the place. And so for generations Pittsburgh has been America's finest example of what a city shouldn't be. For generations her citizens have endured foul air; wretched city planning; substandard housing; the denial of civil liberties; periodic floods; and corrupt, inefficient government — have endured these and, for the most part, still endure them.

Pittsburgh's Two Nations

Thirty years ago the Russell Sage Foundation financed *The Pittsburgh Survey*, whose six volumes are still the classic work in the American field, comparable to Charles Booth's celebrated study of nineteenth-century London. The Russell Sage *Survey* found in Pittsburgh the social defects of capitalism raised to their highest degree. It made Pittsburgh a national symbol.

In 1935 a staff of social workers headed by Dr. Philip Klein of the New York School of Social Work made another survey of Pittsburgh, published early this year by the Columbia University Press. The Klein study is much narrower in scope than the Russell Sage *Survey*, but it provides a basis for bringing the record up to date. It created something of a sensation, almost a scandal, in Pittsburgh. For, although it was sponsored and financed by the local oligarchy, its portrait of Pittsburgh is anything but flattering to those sponsors.

The general impression it gives is that the Pittsburgh of today is split into the two nations of rich and poor which Disraeli saw facing each other across an impassable gulf in nineteenth-century England. There is what may be called the Business Community: the bankers and industrialists and big property owners whose hegemony is immemorial. And there is the great mass of those outside the charmed circle of power: mill and factory workers, small shopkeepers, clerks, householders.

The Business Community controls the organs of civic life — the newspapers, the courts, the university, the politicians, the social agencies. The great mass of the population is inarticulate, excluded from any real participation in the affairs of the community. The two nations are demarcated even in desolate little coal towns, where the bosses live in the Hollywood section, the Hunkies in Shantytown. In Allegheny County — which roughly coincides with the Pittsburgh metropolitan area — there are huge areas like Homestead and McKeesport which are almost entirely proletarian, and there are smaller districts — called Greentree, Avalon, Roslyn Farms, and other names dear to the realtor — sacred to the business community. Some of these upper-class oases are remarkable indeed. In Forest Hills, six out of every ten residents are college graduates. In Sewickley Heights, the only members of the lower orders permitted to live within its confines are servants who are housed on the estates of their employers. Such communities are as homogeneous as to race (Anglo-Saxon), politics (Republican), and awareness of common economic interests as the workers' districts are ruinously disintegrated by differences in race, background, and education. True to the Pittsburgh tradition of devil-take-the-hindmost capitalism, the wealthy suburbs give no aid to the dingy slum areas that often back right up against their boundary lines.

The economic frontier between the two nations coincides with a racial frontier.

"Few of the foreigners have moved up here," an Anglo-Saxon told one of Dr. Klein's staff. "Our real-estate agents try to keep them where they belong — down in the hollow."

Another put it: "In our community there are only two groups, Americans and Hunkies; and there is no connection between them."

The general idea is that the Hunkies were brought to Pittsburgh by the Almighty (with some help from certain steel companies) to do the dirty work, to accept low wages, and to keep their mouths shut.

At the very bottom of the heap are the negroes. Their living conditions are much the worst: several instances were found of 9 negro families sharing the same toilet. They get hired

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last and fired first: a survey made in 1934 showed that 48 per cent of the city's negroes were unemployed, as against 31 per cent of the whites. When one considers that 3 out of every 5 Pittsburghers in 1930 were either negroes (6 per cent of the population of Allegheny County) or foreign-born (17 per cent) or native-born of foreign parents (35 per cent), one understands the most ominous sentence in the Klein report: "The practical mind hesitates to take democracy too seriously as a basis of social planning in Allegheny County."

The Hunkies are intensely aware of the position they occupy in the scheme of things. "You'd better ask an American about that. I don't have anything to say, because I'm just a Polack." "My child suffers in school because they make fun of his name." "Americans can't recognize the differences in foreign people. They treat us all as if we were scum."

Woodcuts by Howard Cook *Courtesy Weyhe Gallery*

The fuel is laid; the tinder is dry, waiting only for a spark. The 1919 steel strike was the last major revolt. The Business Community won that battle and has continued to run Pittsburgh according to its own ideas. But, if the Klein report is to be trusted, the antagonisms are as sharp as ever, the dominant minority as intransigent in its rule.

The American City at Its Worst

What has the dictatorship of big business made out of Pittsburgh?

Certain gains have been made since 1908. They may be summarized:

Typhoid. From 1872 to 1907 typhoid fever was endemic in Pittsburgh, entirely because the water supply was polluted. Toward the end of the period, Pittsburgh year after year showed the highest typhoid death rate of any American city. At last, in 1908, a Democratic reform administration was able to push through to completion a modern water-filtration plant. Typhoid deaths at once fell off to a normal level — that is, almost to zero.

Working hours. In 1908 the majority of Pittsburgh's steelworkers were on the twelve-hour day and the seven-day week. It took twenty years of liberal protest, the greatest strike in American labor history, and the personal intervention of the President of the United States to persuade the steel industry to shorten its hours. The concession was made in 1924.

Industrial accidents. Thirty years ago Pittsburgh had the highest death rate from industrial accidents of any industrial center in the United States. An entire volume of the *Survey* was devoted to work accidents, which were appallingly frequent, and accident compensation, which was almost nonexistent. Pennsylvania now has a reasonably adequate compensation law, which has stimulated advances in safety work.

Schools, parks, bridges. The Klein study picks out the school system as Pittsburgh's best civic feature. Because of the hilly terrain, intersected by rivers, intracity communication has always been a problem. Most of the bridges in 1908 were privately owned toll bridges. Today the city has an excellent system of public bridges, tunnels, and viaducts. The park system has been greatly extended, though the city still is short of small neighborhood parks.

The Business Community, then, has made concessions? It is an enlightened ruling class?

Hardly. Reforms which have threatened its economic interests, like the twelve-hour day, have been extorted only after a long struggle. It has granted of its own free will only "safe" and minor concessions, which it has yielded all the more freely because of its determination to make no major concessions.

The Business Community, for example, has

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given a free hand to Frederick Biggers, the architect who is mainly responsible for the magnificent system of bridges and tunnels. He is the moving force behind the City Planning Commission, which has analyzed every conceivable aspect of Allegheny County, from the incidence of malaria to the direction of air currents. These data have been organized into a remarkable series of maps, perhaps unique among American cities, which lay the technical foundation for a metropolis which would be the city planner's dream.

But this vision can't be realized because it depends on large-scale public housing, which would interfere with private property interests, and because it would require a reorganization of the present crazy patchwork of county government, which would discommode the politicians and their big-business allies. Social planners like Biggers must content themselves with noncontroversial labors like parks and boulevards.

In fields where there is a conflict between the interests of the business community and the interests of the community as a whole, there has been little or no progress since 1908.

FLOODS

PITTSBURGH WAS drowned out in the great spring floods of 1936. Her mills stood knee-deep in water; her utilities were shut down; her business district was paralyzed; 17,000 families had to evacuate their homes; and the damage was estimated at over $20,000,000. It was the climax to a long history of flood damage.

When, in 1907 and 1908, floods caused a direct property loss of $6,000,000, the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce was moved to set up a Flood Control Commission, headed by H. J. Heinz and backed by the Mellons, the Steel Corporation, etc. The Commission spent $125,000 on a thorough survey, which concluded that for $20,000,000 the city could be floodproofed; that, if this were done, real-estate values would appreciate $50,000,000; and that, if it were not done, floods would do $40,000,000 worth of damage in the next twenty years (an estimate that turned out to be conservative).

Twenty million spent — $90,000,000 saved. And yet nothing was done.

The cause of this strange paralysis of the profit motive may be found in a single sentence of the Commission's report. The engineers decided that the best flood protection would be to build storage reservoirs on the headwaters of the Allegheny and the Monongahela. But they incautiously added: "The water power that would be developed could be utilized to produce electrical energy."

The Mellons have large utility interests in western Pennsylvania. The Mellons control the huge Pittsburgh Coal Co. — and water power is the deadly competitor of coal. The Mellons were not much interested in publicly owned reservoirs which could be utilized to produce electrical energy.

And so the Commission's excellent report — the first thorough study of the subject ever made — was pigeonholed.

A subsidiary reason for Pittsburgh's apathy about flood control has been that the districts usually flooded have been low-rent areas, inhabited by no one of consequence. But the 1936 flood, by far the worst in Pittsburgh's history, overlapped the usual class lines. Its waters invaded the Golden Triangle, pouring into the second-story windows of the city's finest hotels and office buildings. Water oozed into safe-deposit vaults, so that banks had to install ironing machines to squeeze the water out of soggy securities. Nineteen thirty-six made the business community flood-conscious. The Tri-State Authority, which is currently studying flood control for Pittsburgh, may be able to push through the program which should have been completed 30 years ago.

HOUSING

> MY BELIEF is that if a thorough investigation of housing and living conditions were made in and around Pittsburgh, the disclosures would put in the shade anything that can be found in New York, London, Paris, Liverpool, or any other great city famous for its slums.

Thus wrote the English sociologist, Arthur Shadwell, in 1906.

The staff of the Pittsburgh *Survey* made such an investigation several years later. It found 6,000 privy vaults in use in the first 20 wards alone. It found that, out of 22 courtyards in Homestead inhabited by foreigners, only 3 had inside running water; that 110 people used a single yard pump. It found that in some river wards the privies were never cleaned out, this function being left to the annual

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floods — a curious example of one social evil canceling out another. It found that in certain working-class districts a man's chances of dying of pneumonia were 4 times greater, of typhoid fever 5 times greater, than in upper-class residential districts.

How much progress has been made?

The Klein study reports that 33,000 citizens of Allegheny County live in houses that are unfit for habitation; that another 160,000 live in houses needing structural repairs; that 1 out of every 4 houses has neither bathtub nor shower and 1 out of every 6 lacks an indoor toilet. The Hill district, a notorious slum area, supplied 1 out of every 3 cases of tuberculosis reported to the city health department in 1933.

No one denies that Pittsburgh needs low-rent housing projects more than she needs anything else today. Various halfhearted efforts have been made to get such housing built on a private-enterprise basis, but they have got nowhere, nor is there any reason to suppose they will ever get anywhere. Such projects simply can't be made to yield a profit if the rents are low enough for the average worker to live in them.* But publicly financed housing, of course, is an assault on private property rights. The Business Community has so far been able to block the use of public funds in any such sinister ventures.

GOVERNMENT

SOCIALLY AND economically, Allegheny County is a single organism, with its controlling nerve center in the Golden Triangle and its ganglia reaching up the river valleys to dozens of densely populated industrial areas — up the Allegheny to Millvale, Etna, Tarentum, and Brackenridge; up the Monongahela to Homestead, Braddock, Duquesne, McKeesport, and Clairton; down the Ohio to McKees Rocks and Coraopolis.

Politically, however, the nerve center controls nothing beyond itself. As neatly as any surgeon's scalpel, the Pittsburgh city line excises the great industrial suburbs from the body politic. Today 51 per cent of the County population live outside the city limits, a larger percentage than can be found so situated in any other urban area in the entire country.

This is more than a technicality of the census. Most of this 51 per cent live in industrial districts like Homestead and McKeesport. Cut off from the city, this urban population has all the disadvantages of city life — dirt, overcrowding, high rents — and all the disadvantages of rural horse-and-buggy government. (In Allegheny County, justice is still largely dispensed by such feudal hangovers as aldermen and justices of the peace — 243 of them, to be exact!) Also, Allegheny County is a political crazy quilt of 126 separate, autonomous governmental units, more than there are in any other county in the United States. (A close second is Cook County, Illinois, also notorious for corrupt and inefficient government.) Besides the municipality of Pittsburgh, the County includes 3 cities, 69 boroughs, 24 townships of the first class, and 29 townships of the second class.

Effective social planning is impossible with such political bedlam. The various local units are unable to cope with urban problems partly because they are archaic in themselves and partly because they can't co-ordinate their activities. In every civic matter, whether it be schools or parks or public health, the city is better served than the rest of the County. "To any favorable statement about the city," says Dr. Klein, "one must always add a — 'but the County.'"

Next to housing, Pittsburgh needs County unification most. The problem is one of almost as ancient standing. Public-spirited citizens have been trying to make Allegheny County into a coherent political organism since before the War.

In 1923, at the very moment of victory, the mayor was somehow persuaded to appoint a committee to study the whole problem. The committee is still pursuing its studies.

In 1928 the State legislature passed a consolidation act, but someone slipped in a joker, so that, although the County voted favorably on the act, it never went into effect.

In 1935 a county charter bill once more went up to the legislature, which killed it.

The Business Community seems to have no clear-cut stand on this issue. The obstructionists here have been the myriads of petty politicians whose jobs and machines are threat-

*AUTHOR'S NOTE: *At this point someone is sure to mention Chatham Village, a model community built a few years ago with funds supplied by the Buhl Foundation. The Village is an excellent housing job, which returns a good profit to the Foundation. But it contains fewer than 100 houses, and its rents are considerably above the working-class level.*

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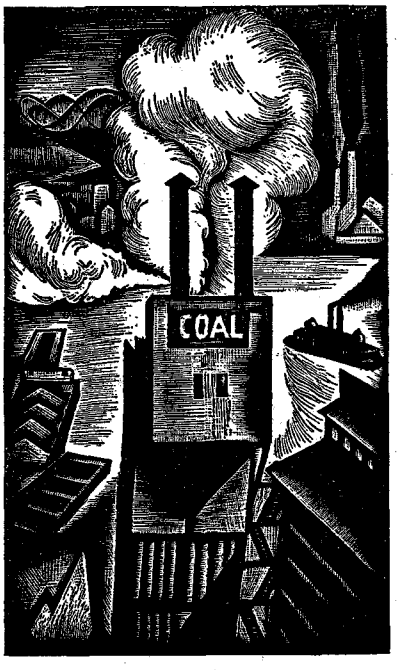
ened with extinction. But who, after all, has always stood behind the politicians, from the days when the Pennsylvania Railroad worked with the Magee-Flinn machine to the more recent exploits of the Mellons and their allies, the Vares? It is no accident that the only reform administrations in the recent history of the city — Guthrie in 1906 and McNair in 1934 — have been Democratic, while the local Republican Party has a long record of misgovernment.

Religion

"Though Pittsburgh be material," the late John Morley once told the applauding citizens of this remarkable city, "it is ready for spiritual impressions of the highest order."



Not only ready for them, Lord Morley might have added, had he been less diplomatic, but as dependent on them for sustenance of a sort as it is on the iron ore it brings in for its steel mills. The deeper the chasm between the haves and the have nots, the more essential that it be bridged with a rainbow of religious idealism. In its spiritual moods, the Business Community becomes positively Shelleyan. Nowhere is the average citizen more neglected as an inhabitant of this world and nowhere is there a more anxious concern for the welfare of his soul.

The Russell Sage *Survey* found that Pittsburgh had $17,000,000 worth of church property but that only 6 of its hundreds of churches had any facilities for social work among the poor. It also found that in no other American city were laws against the desecration of the Sabbath more strictly enforced — just as in no other city were there so many industrial plants working on Sunday. The churches of Pittsburgh, the *Survey* concluded, were "sincere but other-worldly." They are so still. A survey of "blue" laws made in 1937 gave Pittsburgh first place among the nation's cities. There are now 1,400 churches in Allegheny County, or 1 for every 1,000 inhabitants.

The Mellons have led the crusade against materialism. The late R. B. Mellon, brother of the late Andrew, responded to the challenge of the depression in 1931 by announcing a gift of $4,000,000 to build the East Liberty Presbyterian Church, which he hoped "would do its part to reassure those who fear that the country is doomed to become engulfed in materialism." This was just double the total sum which the business community had permitted to be spent on unemployment relief that year. Another Mellon — W. L. — was vice chairman of the relief committee which thus saved the unemployed from becoming engulfed in materialism. The East Liberty church was dedicated, with freely flowing sentiment, on Mothers' Day, 1935, to the memory of the mothers of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Mellon. (This is the Mellon who is famous for having explained to a Senate Committee the function of machine guns in coal mining: "You could not run without them.") The church stands on a site where 5 generations of Mellons have worshiped, and is said to be "the most complete in the United States." It contains, among other things, 4 bowling alleys, a life-size bas relief of the Last Supper, a pipe organ with 6,944 pipes, 40 Sunday School classrooms, a day nursery, a 300-foot spire, and "a special Sunday School room for Chinese." The structure is known to the irreverent as the Mellon Fire Escape.

Education

The Mellons are also closely identified with that remarkable expression of Pittsburgh idealism, the University of Pittsburgh.

The University is housed in a 40-story Gothic skyscraper which is officially called the Cathedral of Learning (and actually referred to as such by Pittsburghers). When Frank Lloyd Wright saw it, he said, "That's the most stupendous keep-off-the-grass sign I've ever seen." Or, as the dean of the University put it, with more enthusiasm than grammar, "It is one of

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America's most unique buildings." It is impossible to do justice to the Cathedral in a brief space. It combines the most advanced practice in skyscraper construction with an elaborately faked medieval shell. Shaking up in a dizzy architectural cocktail Norman trefoils, Otis elevators, Crane plumbing, and stained-glass windows, it is the perfect expression of that veneer of spirituality with which Pittsburgh conceals its excessively materialistic underpinning. To quote the Dean again, "It is not a display of wealth, although when completed its value will be more than ten millions."

The business community has two unfailing mouthpieces in Pittsburgh. One is the Hearst press and the other is John G. Bowman, Chancellor of the University.

Some college presidents resent pressure from wealthy trustees, but Chancellor Bowman is only too happy to oblige. ("At Pittsburgh," observed a member of the faculty, "the plumbing is all open.") The Chancellor gets $31,500 a year, which makes him the highest-paid college president in the country. He is worth it. His governmental technique is an academic parody of the way his masters handle strikers, down to the use, according to rumor, of Steel Corporation spies to shadow faculty members.

He broke up the Liberal Club in 1929, expelling two of its leaders as troublemakers. When three students organized a meeting in 1931 to protest the selection of General Mac Arthur as commencement-day speaker, Bowman had the police arrest them in classroom.

Between 1930 and 1935, Chancellor Bowman fired 25 faculty members, and 59 more left, more or less voluntarily. One was fired because he denounced conditions among the coal miners, another because he testified before a Senate Committee as to the corrupt activities of the Mellon-Vare political machine.

The *cause célèbre* was the firing, in 1934, of Professor Ralph E. Turner, the distinguished historian. The Chancellor charged that Dr. Turner had been sneering and flippant about religion:

> His failure is not at all concerned with the New Deal. It is concerned with an attitude towards faith and towards spiritual growth.

But there is a more materialistic interpretation. The depression had frozen fast the uncompleted Cathedral of Learning. The Chancellor's scheme was Machiavellian: he calculated that the expulsion of Turner would arouse nationwide liberal protests, which would reassure the Business Community, which would then come through with the funds necessary to complete the Cathedral.

The stratagem worked well: the liberals protested, the business community was moved to loosen its purse strings, and the Cathedral was completed.

But the protest went further than Bowman had expected. The American Association of University Professors in 1935 voted to blacklist the University. It was the first time an institution of this size and standing has been so disciplined. Blacklisting means that no member of the Association may in future accept a position at the University.

The Chancellor's comment: "What of it?"

Is Pittsburgh Slipping?

The Business Community has thus developed a fatally easy evasion of its responsibilities as the ruling class of Pittsburgh. When it is confronted with unpleasant problems like housing — unpleasant because they cannot be solved without economic concessions — it talks of ideals, spiritual values, and similar unworldly matters, without, of course, relaxing for an instant its grasp on the good things of this world.

The Cathedral of Learning dedicates a luxurious room to each of Pittsburgh's foreign nationalities — and in the mining towns of the County, where these nationalities live and work, the garbage is collected once a month.

The Mellons spend $4,000,000 on a superchurch — and nine negro families use the same toilet.

Chancellor Bowman talks of his vision that someday "out of the smoky hills of Pittsburgh, University-inspired, an Athens of a grander sort, based on the machine civilization, might rise" — and meanwhile turns liberal-minded students over to the police.

The formula is simple and, no doubt, soothing to the conscience of the Business Community. But it is not particularly soothing to the families who have to share the same toilet. After a certain amount of economic privation, people get a little sick of hearing about spiritual values.

That point was reached in Pittsburgh about 1932. And the old order there seems to be

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breaking down under the impact of unparalleled depression. In 1932, western Pennsylvania went for Roosevelt. In 1934, Pittsburgh elected a Democratic mayor and council for the first time in 30 years. And, in 1936, for the first time since 1856, when the newborn Republican Party held its first national convention in Pittsburgh, the Democratic registration topped the Republican.

For the first time in the city's history the Business Community is unsure of itself. Its philosophy no longer seems adequate to the difficulties that are facing the city. Thirty years ago, Pittsburgh was brutal and lusty. Today she is somewhat more refined but also a good deal feebler. In spite of such shots in the arm as the $75,000,000 which the Steel Corporation is currently spending on plants in Pittsburgh, the city has for some time been slipping as an industrial center. The Russell Sage survey found overwork the great social problem. The Klein study has more to say about underwork.

"Poverty is the chief social problem of life in Pittsburgh," states the Klein study.

Even in good times, that is true. In 1929, when business was seventeen per cent above normal, over half the city's industrial workers made less than $1,500 a year, which was $500 short of the Brookings Institution's minimum-necessities budget for that year.

The depression came, and with it unemployment. Up to the fall of 1930, the charitable agencies went through the motions of coping with it, but then they were forced to turn to the city for funds.

This governmental invasion of a field hitherto sacred to private enterprise stimulated the business community to form, in January of 1931, the Allegheny County Emergency Association. This, in its own words, represented "an organized effort on the part of Pittsburgh's business leaders to deal with unemployment." On its Active Committee were W. L. Mellon, President Hughes of Carnegie Steel, President Robertson of Westinghouse Electric, and other magnificoes. Throughout 1931, the Association was able to keep relief on a strictly private basis, spending just $2,000,000 in giving work to a few thousand unemployed. The rest lived off relatives or spent their savings or didn't eat. By 1932 things were so bad that the Association reluctantly drew on city and county funds, but it was able to keep expenditures for the year down to $6,000,000.

It is not pleasant to think of what the unemployed must have suffered during the 2 years they were aided by the Business Community. Allegheny County reported 112,000 unemployed in January, 1931; 226,000 in August, 1932. In 1931 and 1932 the Association gave relief to a total of 45,000 families. Even assuming that all 45,000 were on the relief rolls in August, 1932 — which was not the case, since this is a cumulative total for the entire period — the ratio of families receiving relief to the total number of unemployed was 1 to 5. The Association's report mentions with appreciation "the patience of the unemployed."

Most social workers consider the relief standards of the New Deal too low, but what can one say of the standard set by the Association? In March, 1933, the city spent $1,000,000 on 64,000 relief cases, an average of $16.77 per month per family. This sum was supposed to cover food, fuel, and shoes. In July, 1937, the 51,000 relief cases in Pittsburgh shared $2,500,000 between them; families on home relief got $31 a month. It is easy to understand why Pittsburgh has gone Democratic.

The great unknown factor in the Pittsburgh of 1938 is organized labor, which is advancing toward power as the Business Community proves increasingly incapable of ruling. Pittsburgh was the impregnable fortress of the employers in the 1919 steel strike, but today the situation is precisely reversed. The union drive has met implacable resistance in other districts, but the Pittsburgh mills, led by the Steel Corporation, have signed up without a fight. Allegheny County is now the most thoroughly unionized of all the steel districts. The Steel Workers' Organizing Committee is a power in local politics: the mayors of such steel towns as Duquesne and Clairton are also the presidents of the local S.W.O.C. lodges. But labor has yet to work out a political line of its own.

Pittsburgh's future depends partly on the success of labor's drive for political power, partly on whether the Business Community can and will grant the rest of the community some measure of democracy. Will the Business Community imitate the British ruling class and yield just enough concessions to make its rule tolerable? Or will it diagnose too late the temper of the times?

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What a Negro Mother Faces

by **CECELIA EGGLESTON**

THE NEGRO WIFE of today who is a thinking woman pauses and ponders deeply before she decides to assume what is to any woman the gravest of responsibilities — motherhood. Why?

Not because of the specter of poverty; for, although economic insecurity is widespread, it is the woman in fairly comfortable circumstances who hesitates most to have a child. Nor does the fear of hereditary taints trouble her more than any other intelligent layman of good education. Certainly she possesses the common instinct of motherhood. She must, or else, in these days of contraceptives, she would have no problem.

The negro woman hesitates because she is faced most cruelly with the responsibility of bringing into the world a child victimized not by disease or extreme poverty but by that over which neither he nor his parents have any control — the color of his skin.

In fact white people are prone to regard the problems of negroes in general very much as they do the grievances of children — disturbances of the moment, easily quieted, quickly forgotten. They know that negroes may be blue or low-spirited or miserable, but it just does not occur to them that they are *people*, adults, capable of being deeply unhappy, torn by conflicting emotions, or weighted with problems that cannot be laid down by the river side.

A woman writer widely known for syndicated articles of opinion once wrote what she thought about the negro woman.

The gist was that the negro woman in what was described as her native habitat was a fine specimen of womanhood. It was only when she moved into the city and aped her white sisters that she became unworthy of anyone's interest or respect. Her native habitat was a cabin in which she was surrounded by the white folk's clothes and her own brood of seven or eight — of divers fathers. There she was a happy and an admirable character.

One might forgive this writer for her callous and superficial designation of her negro woman as happy, because a certain sort of passive adjustment is mistaken for happiness in many situations. But to refer to her as admirable was not only unforgivable but absolutely disastrous to the ideals negroes have been fighting for, all these years.

If this writer were to be honest with herself, she would admit that she would not dare to label as admirable that type of woman representing any other race of people under the sun. Indeed, if she were mentioned at all, she would be described as lazy, loose, unambitious, shiftless, and downright immoral. The question would be why did she not emulate her sisters, instead of being content to remain in her old environment. But, when the *negro* woman attempts to better herself, then she is aping her white sisters and loses her charm.

Loses it for whom? Why, for white people who cannot relinquish this mental stereotype of the negro woman, a relic of the days when no consideration was given the negro woman's morality and her home ties were broken at the whim of the master.

This is a part of the slave heritage which my child, no matter what its sex, could not escape. Contrast it with our attitude toward foreigners who come here totally unacquainted with American ways and standards. They are encouraged by every means to adapt themselves to our life. The quicker their adjustment, the more desirable they are thought to be as citizens. Their assimilation is regarded as a promising sign of their versatility. But in an American negro this is aping.

POLITE FUTILITY

IN CONSIDERING whether I shall have a baby, my first thought is naturally of the child's health and physical well-being. For-

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tunately I live in a city where excellent medical attention is available and I feel sure that I should have prenatal care as fine as the nation affords for its great mass of citizens. But, were I in the deep South, my situation would be entirely different.

A negro sorority I am familiar with has recently been operating a health project there. The women fled at the sight of doctors and nurses. A doctor at childbirth was unheard-of; prenatal attention was not even a myth. These mothers die in childbirth at the rate of three out of ten. The infant mortality is even higher.

Now I realize it is not because they are negroes that these women and their offspring die. I know that their deaths are due to extreme poverty, ignorance, and neglect. Yet, when I read the cold, bare statistics, that the mortality rate for negro women in childbirth is eight times that for whites, I am a bit panicky in spite of my personally favorable circumstances.

We negroes teach our youth that the salvation of the negro lies within the race itself; that, as soon as we become economically independent, educated, cultured, and skillful, we shall arrive. But wealth, education, culture, and technological advancement did not save the Jew in Germany.

Although Americans entertain no fears that the negro in America will ever threaten a civilization which he lacks the inherent power, according to them, to sustain, they are nevertheless extremely careful to block all roads from the start.

The negro child of today, then, must be imbued with more than a normal share of courage, for he has to clear the road before he starts on the journey. It is difficult to see from what source he can draw this courage.

Suppose I ask myself just what I have done as an individual to make this a better world into which to bring a child.

I have thought that one way of opening for my child doors that have been closed to me is via the interracial committee. The trouble is, I believed, that we do not know each other. If only we did, these mutual prejudices would melt away.

And indeed we do grow to know each other. The whites learn that all negroes do not wait until Saturday to take a bath and that a high percentage of negro women have a wholesome respect for their marital vows. The negroes find that the white people on the committee are agreeable, well-meaning persons who feel that white people have a responsibility and that something must be done. So we chat pleasantly over the cups of tea and pass resolutions. But we get little further than the teacups.

Few, if any, lasting personal friendships develop from the association of the races on these committees. The white members are all friends of the negro in a vague, impersonal sort of way. But real friendship in the sense that involves exchanging visits outside of meeting nights, showers for the bride, bridge, picnics, trips together, informal occasions where people really get to know each other — that is out of the question. After all, someone invariably protests, the purpose of the Committee is not to foster personal relationships and individual friendships. It is something much bigger than that — to create good will between two races, to break down prejudice and misunderstanding. Do not confuse the two interpretations of the term *social*. This is its more restricted use.

But, in spite of all resolutions passed for the social (in the larger sense) advancement of the negro, I still cannot buy a house where I might wish to do so and I still would have to take my baby to the clinic on the special days for negroes. And thus, before he left my arms, he would begin to live a lie, to learn day by day in a hundred subtle but nonetheless definite ways that he was different — somehow inferior. Thus he would grow to a manhood that could not make him a man, led on by first one mirage, then another, until at last the barrenness of the life about him met the nakedness of his own soul.

GOD'S CHILDREN

WHY NOT TRY God? Surely, if anywhere, in the folds of Christianity I would find an approach to my problem.

Problem? I had no problem, only a duty clear and undivided. A married woman has no choice, according to the Roman Catholic Church, in which I was reared. I must bring my child, then, into the same kind of church world in which I grew up.

Should his baby feet stray in the house of God beyond the last three rows, frantic ushers

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would seize him and return him to his proper place — the last three rows or, it might be, the dusty gallery above the choir loft.

His baby ears would hear the same sermons that mine had listened to. He would learn how Christ had died to save all, rich and poor, high and low, black and white. He would swallow it all as I had swallowed it before him, until he, too, discovered that the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man is a beautiful theory, harmless to believe in, dynamite to practice.

The parish priest inquires why you do not attend your duties. "That's the trouble with you people," he says. "As soon as you get a bit of education, you forget God."

As if God and the church were synonymous. I should not say that education makes us forget God but I do hold that it does for us what it is supposed to do for all exposed to its influence. It makes us think for ourselves and heightens our realization of the travesty that is carried on in the name of Christ.

From my last attendance at mass some years ago I have retained an indelible picture in my mind. I can still see the negro communicants kneeling at the back of the church, waiting for the white faithful to leave the altar rail. A nausea came over me then, a nausea which now replaces the pious genuflection I used to make every time I passed a Catholic church.

Some loyal and devout negro Catholics maintain that Holy Mother Church is much more liberal than the Protestant churches (at least in the South), for she does admit us within her doors — to the last three rows — and she will serve us communion — after the whites are served. Alas, the distinction is too fine for me to appreciate.

Some people may feel that it would not be fair for me to transmit to my child the discouragement and disillusionment my experiences with religion, as it is practiced in the Christian churches of America, have brought me. But I believe it might be kinder to prepare him for it in advance. Blessed are they who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed.

Life Work

Since I find no encouragement in the faith of our fathers, I turn to other fields more practical and tangible. What are the prospects for my negro child in industry, science, business, or the arts?

From latent ability on both sides of the family, this child, unborn, unconceived even, might develop marked dramatic ability. What would this mean for him?

If the child is a boy, it would mean, by present reckoning, buffooning, clowning. It might mean a variation of a character from *The Emperor Jones* or *Porgy* or a *Green Pastures* of a brighter hue but it most assuredly would not mean the rest of O'Neill — or Ibsen or Shakespeare.

If, still less happily, this negro child should be a girl with dramatic ability, she might as well start learning her dialect in the cradle; for, in the years to come, Mammy will go marching on. Scarlett O'Hara may be gone with the wind, but good old Mammy — primitive, ignorant, stupid in every way save in her instinct to protect her li'l white lamb — Mammy will be the last of the stereotypes to go.

Here I interrupt with a timid song, "I Didn't Raise My Girl to Be a Mammy."

Sacrilege! screams the South. How dare you? She couldn't represent anything finer, more beautiful, more —.

Yes, yes. I know the rest.

In the business and scientific world the situation is different. It is much worse.

The chances of a negro's getting proper preparation and training are growing slimmer and slimmer. Not only are increased costs in the great technical schools prohibitive, but the opportunities for negroes to learn the practical side of this kind of work are extremely limited.

It is the same story in the matter of preparation for the professions. The colleges and universities pass the buck to the public. We are willing to accept you as students, they say to the negroes, but we cannot force you on the public for practice.

It is interesting to note that these same educational centers feel duty-bound to take the initiative in guiding the public in its democratic duty in other situations. But, in a matter involving racial injustice, the cause of social reconstruction is politely laid aside, and the less provocative cloak of realism is assumed.

Even when the negro youth manages somehow to acquire the necessary preliminary

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training for a career, he is not much better off. Several young men of my acquaintance who hold degrees from the business schools of leading universities are working on PWA projects scarcely requiring an eighth-grade education. Furthermore, as the little businessman in all other groups yields steadily to the pressure of big business, the negro businessman disappears altogether. In negro shops of personal service, white syndicates are pushing out the few negro owners and proprietors left. For the purpose of attracting the negro trade they put in a negro *front* in the persons of a few low-salaried negro attendants.

In my frantic search for a desirable future for this child whose birth I debate so fearfully, I turn at last to the United States Government.

Is my answer to be found in longer relief rolls? Well, if negroes are constantly denied admission to the openings compatible with their abilities, in all capacities from the lowest to the highest, they will have no choice but to become helots of the government.

The civil service offers no protection. With its photo requirement and the patronage dispenser's prerogative of choosing among the first three on the list, a negro with a Sigma Chi Rho in chemistry is wasting his time taking an examination to qualify as even a laboratory assistant at $1,200 a year. When a few fortunate negroes eventually succeed in receiving minor appointments as messengers or skilled laborers, they remain such, with no hope of promotion.

A few negro lawyers in the North and Midwest, realizing how limited is their field in practicing in white courts, turn to politics as an outlet for their ambitions and energies. The returns are hardly worth the time and effort. It is lamentable that there is only one negro congressman for 10,000,000 people. And negroes really hold fewer important government positions than they did in the early part of the century. The so-called special assistant appointments made in the various departments and bureaus are merely sops to the negro voters.

The Unknown

A white woman whom I met recently feels that I am unduly pessimistic. "For instance," she says, "I could just sit and worry about the things that could happen to my own child, natural catastrophes or a disastrous change in government. In such events my child would be no better off than yours."

I might have answered that, in the light of recent experiences of negroes in flood and drought relief, sufficient evidence could be furnished to prove that, though nature was undeniably color-blind in delivering the blow, democracy was far from it in giving succor.

If, as some students of social and political trends maintain, we are drifting toward a fascist state, then indeed is the doom of the negro sealed. Then what is now chronic would become acute, as Sinclair Lewis points out in *It Can't Happen Here.*

A change toward communism, on the other hand, appears to offer more hope of equal opportunity and protection under the law. But aren't *these same rights* guaranteed by our most sacred Constitution? Can we believe that another system will change the hearts of men?

Most negroes are willing to struggle along under the palliative measures of the New Deal, which they believe will lead ultimately to a new day for themselves and their progeny. They naïvely trust that *new day* means *better day.*

Those negroes who really wish to take an intelligent and active part in social reconstruction are looked on with suspicion by both negroes and whites — by whites, because the thinking negro does not conform to their stereotype of the happy, carefree negro; by negroes, because they feel that such individuals may jeopardize the slight gains already made.

There was a time when colored people living in some degree of comfort compensated for the limitation of their opportunities to get on in the world by saying that they would rather be high-class negroes than poor whites. That time recedes further into the past, for negroes now realize that nothing — education, wealth, culture, travel — can compensate for the lack of a white face. Any white person who believes that negroes are oversensitive in this attitude need only black his face for a time. The negroes, knowing they cannot, do not ask to be white. They do ask, however, to be *people.*

The negro woman who asks her inner self, *Should I have a baby?* will find no ready-made answer. Before she responds to the question irrevocably, she might put it in another way: *Will my child rise up to call me blessed or curse the day that he was born?*

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What Are You Fit For?

by **WILLIAM SEABROOK**

FIFTEEN YEARS ago a now famous young Harvard psychologist named Johnson O'Connor began to test aptitudes and potential abilities in employees and applicants at General Electric. His work widened and has evolved into the Human Engineering Laboratory now located at Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, New Jersey, with branches in Boston, Chicago, and Washington and field activities covering most of the United States.

The aim of the Laboratory is not vocational guidance but rather to give to a person, through a series of ingenious tests, a *conscious inventory of his natural aptitudes and potential capabilities.*

Dr. O'Connor likes to say, "We have only a little lantern in the dark," and, "Goodness, man, we don't pretend to predict an individual's future or settle his life for ten dollars in two hours!" He does feel, however, that the tests can always shed *some* definite light on inherent aptitude and that, by choosing work in accord with his natural aptitudes, the individual is more likely to be successful and happy.

These limited pretensions seemed so at variance with reports of astounding "successes" and "adjustments" engineered by O'Connor and his crew that I went to Hoboken to report on just what they have accomplished there.

Headquarters of Human Engineering Laboratory are located on the campus of Stevens Institute (one of the 4 ranking technological schools in America), which sprawls on heights overlooking the Hoboken waterfront, in an old converted brownstone mansion which hums all day long. Director O'Connor, still around 40, is smallish, dark, wiry, kinetic, pleasant, with a thick, black beard of the sort occasionally worn in the French Academy but seldom seen in America or on anybody named O'Connor anywhere. He is surrounded by a staff of 16 men and women, mostly specialists from Yale, Columbia, Cornell, Wellesley, Smith, etc.

LEARNING ABOUT YOURSELF

NO MATTER who you are, male or female, so long as you are nine years of age or older, you can go and take the tests, regardless of whether you are in a job, out of a job, bright or dumb. A fee ranging from $10 to $20 is charged but doesn't cover the actual cost of the testing.

Of the 20,000 persons they've tested here and in field work (about 70 per cent of whom they have definitely helped toward better adjustment), the first 13,000 were employees in industry, tested at the request of their employers; the subsequent 12,000 were about half adults and about half college students and school children.

The tests should work at all ages, because inherent aptitudes, if they exist at all, are basic and cannot be acquired. Whether these things are immutably fixed in the womb or on the nursery floor is outside their pragmatic province. What difference does it make, if there's nothing you can do about it afterward? They have succeeded up to now in isolating only 10 testable inherent aptitudes, yet suspect there are probably 90 to 100 which may some day be discovered.

"We have paralleled thus far very closely the history of chemistry," O'Connor said. "Originally, fire, air, earth, and water were thought to be the chemical elements. It was not until chemists stumbled upon and isolated hydrogen, chlorine, oxygen, and carbon that it began to lead into a new science. I think we are just beginning to isolate some real mental elements. When we began trying to sift out the bright, mediocre, and the dull applicants for jobs, we presently found that there didn't seem to be any such thing as general intelligence or general aptitude. We began to discover a few basic, highly *specific* elements which some individuals had and some did not or had

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in different combinations — and that was the real beginning, just as the real beginning of chemistry began with the isolation of hydrogen, chlorine, etc. It required, I believe, nearly a hundred and fifty years to isolate the other chemical elements. It may require a hundred and fifty years to isolate all the mental elements.

"Despite scientific evidence to the contrary, most of us still think of men in terms of general intelligence. Even parents do not always recognize ability in their own children.

"Some time ago a white-haired grandmother brought her nineteen-year-old grandson to the Laboratory. He had failed and had been asked to leave a well-known preparatory school. His parents, both brilliantly successful, had given him up as hopeless. Only the grandmother hoped that some hidden ability might be discovered. When measured, the boy excelled in every measurable characteristic — except one. He was poor in clerical aptitude and consequently did poorly not merely in arithmetic but in other written examinations where attention to detail counted. He had become discouraged and finally accepted the teachers' estimate that he was dull. Assured now that he had real brains, he plugged cheerfully at the detail work and came through with honors."

"Do you ever get miracles like that with grownups?"

"I wish you wouldn't call them miracles," O'Connor said, "but we often get surprises."

"Such as what?" I asked, and he told me the queer case of an accountant in a big manufacturing firm who was going to be let out. His associates and superiors didn't like him.

The head of his department had said to O'Connor, "You might as well test him. We're going to fire him anyway. He's able, but his heart's not in the work, and we don't like that kind of employee."

When the Laboratory began the tests, his aptitude for accounting proved extremely high — and he became immediately an interesting problem; but he scored equally high in engineering aptitude (recently renamed structural visualization). He had been doing auditing, which consisted simply of juggling groups or columns of figures. Dr. O'Connor persuaded the company, instead of firing him, to shift him to cost accounting, which required blueprints, graphs, etc., almost like those in an engineer's office. Here he not only *could* use but would be *forced* to use his second high aptitude, i.e., structural visualization, along with the other ability he thought he hated.

O'Connor urged me to beware of emphasizing miracles, but what happened was that at the end of four years the man was head of the cost-accounting department, and at the end of five years, which is today, he is head of the whole organization and boss of the executives who were going to fire him!

Discovering the Real You

My curiosity had now been violently aroused about the tests themselves. I wanted now to see the wheels go round.

You begin by sitting opposite an amiable man at an ordinary flat-top desk. If they decide to give you the works, as it were, you will be tested on the following ten counts:

1. Observation.
2. Type of personality, whether subjective or objective.
3. Engineering ability (or structural visualization).
4. Accounting or clerical ability.
5. Tweezer dexterity.
6. Finger dexterity.
7. Creative imagination.
8. Inductive reasoning.
9. Visual memory.
10. Tonal memory.

They may also test you for "interest," but about the first thing I learned is that interest is no guide to aptitude. One of the strange discoveries at the Laboratory has been that interest tests are not only frequently inconclusive, but sometimes actually misleading. Aptitudes remain constant through life, while interests change frequently with chameleonic rapidity. Every kid, at some adolescent point, wants passionately to be a cop or fireman. And the grownup, too, will unconsciously give misleading answers in all sincerity, in order to "make a better impression" or to seem to have more ambition or simply as a lollypop to his deluded ego. Generally speaking, *real* interests run parallel with aptitudes, but O'Connor prefers to deduce interests generally from aptitudes — rather than the other way round. They almost say, "*You can't trust your interests*," and do say you can't trust your seeming interests at any given period in your age or career.

When the aptitude battery gets going, you are first asked a series of quite ordinary questions and wonder why the set is called a

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battery. Soon, however, varied artillery is introduced, including fantastic photographs which would delight surrealists; innocent-looking wooden blocks that frustrated gentlemen have been known to hurl through the plate-glass window; phonograph records which you might guess had been made in China during the first Ming dynasty; metal blocks with holes to stick pegs in, if you can. When you have finished, which is generally at the end of about two and a half hours, you understand full well why they chose the word *battery*.

Personality is not an aptitude in the true sense of the word. It is a distinction in temperament and, as such, governs the contentment of a person in group contact or in individual work. Objective personality correlates with salesmanship, high-school teaching, social group activities, and social-service work. Subjective personality is found among writers, doctors, engineers, and scientists.

To decide whether you have a subjective or an objective personality, they read a rapid list of words to you, with a slight pause after each word, during which you answer automatically, instantly and without reflection, with the first word which pops into your head. The words in the key list have no sequence or connection. For example, they may run *cat*, *girl*, *umbrella*.

If your automatic responses are something like *cat-Alcibiades*, *girl-Nellie*, *umbrella-aunt*, you have a subjective personality. In other words, if you tend automatically to make highly personalized responses, naming your own tomcat and some girl in particular and recalling that your sainted aunt from Hawkinsville, Georgia, never goes without her umbrella, this is being "subjective," and you probably work best when withdrawn into yourself and alone. If you answer in terms of impersonal, world-embracing generality, being objective, you enjoy human contacts, work better with other people.

For engineering aptitude, which they now prefer to call structural visualization, the tester trots out and places tenderly on the desk in front of you a block of wood about the shape and size of a thick dictionary. It has been trisected by a wave line cut into nine parts. It is a sort of three-dimensional jigsaw puzzle, looks simple and innocent. He lets you stare at it and study the lines as it stands there assembled. Then he takes it apart slowly, giving you time to note how it is put together. Then he shuffles the parts, and you try to put them together again.

If you have an inherent aptitude for structural visualization, you may put them together in a couple of minutes. If you are mediocre and do it by the trial-and-error method, it may take you from six to ten minutes. If you are deficient in this inherent aptitude, even though you be a doctor of philosophy or executive head of vast industries, you may hurl them through the window as that one irate gentleman did a couple of years ago. Surgeons, dentists, diemakers, and architects, as well as engineers, score high in structural visualization.

The Case Completed

For accounting or clerical aptitude, you'll be surprised they don't ask you to do any adding or subtracting or lightning calculating. They hand you a sheet on which are printed columns of figures in groups of two each. They begin with sets composed of three numerals each, like this:

326	236	*Same*	*Different*

All you do is to glance quickly at them and indicate at the right whether the figures are identical or different. Subsequent lines have increasingly more numerals in each group, until you get to the bottom of the sheet, when you have lines like:

412573386	412753386	*Same*	*Different*

Speed is the essence of this test. The test administrator is working now with a couple of stop watches, and your aptitude or deficiency is judged solely by the time it takes you in split seconds to recognize whether the figures are the same or different. They are certain this digs down to *inherent* aptitude. Any tests involving the actual working of problems in arithmetic would be useless because they would drag in the extraneous elements of study, schooling, and practice. Accounting aptitude enters into typing, bookkeeping, arithmetical operations in statistics, banking, copy-desk work in newspaper offices, proofreading, and printing.

For tweezer dexterity they give you a flat metal block in which are 100 holes ranged symmetrically in rows of 10; also 100 blunt, headless brass pins, about the size of ordi-

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nary pins but a little thicker, which you pick up, one by one, with a pair of ordinary tweezers and insert in the holes. There are no tricks or problems. The tester has the stop watch, and aptitude is decided solely by the time you take. This test shows aptitude or lack of aptitude for working with any small tool or instrument. The tool might be a surgeon's scalpel, a scientist's microscope slide, a sewing woman's needle, a carpenter's punch, or a garage mechanic's screw driver.

Next comes the test for finger dexterity, with a similar metal block, in which you use the fingers of one hand only and insert similar pins in larger holes, in groups of three pins to each hole.

An unexpected result from these tests has been the discovery that tweezer dexterity and finger dexterity have no necessary correlation whatever. You may be good at one and clumsy as an ape at the other. Finger dexterity is used in basket weaving and in manual factory assembly jobs, whereas tweezer dexterity is used by surgeons, dentists, nurses, bacteriologists, and most laboratory workers in the physical sciences and by those doing miniature instrument assembly work in factories.

There are other tests less graphic in the telling but not less important in sizing up your powers.

The visual-memory test, for example, is an unmitigated horror to persons not gifted with that aptitude. (O'Connor himself takes it every once in a while and generally makes a score somewhere between D and zero.) A motion-picture machine projects a series of scrambled numbers like those on a freight car, motor license, or bill of lading. Each is shown you only for a second. Then the machine squawks and dies, and you are merely supposed to remember all the numbers if you can! The horror lies in the fact that people who possess this fantastic aptitude often easily remember all of them! It gives them a terrific advantage in expediting shipments, production following, handling order numbers. Dealers in the stock market generally possess it to a high degree.

For aptitude in tonal memory, you listen to a set of phonograph records, consisting of grouped musical notes — but not from any symphony or song. The record repeats a phrase in a group of three notes — *do*, *re*, *fa*, for instance. Then it's followed by groups in which one (and one only) of the three notes changes. You're given a pad and asked to indicate, as you listen, whether note 1, 2, or 3 has changed. The change may be a full tone or a half-tone, or the tone may be merely off key.

O'Connor does not believe vocabulary is an inherent aptitude, but he tests for it because it seems to have a greater correlation with success in all fields than any other one quality. High-up executives seem generally to have the largest vocabulary of anybody — larger (and this was a surprise) than university professors, journalists, and authors. The test goes far beyond mere parrot definitions, into the realm of shaded meanings, synonyms and antonyms.

In two or three weeks you receive by mail a report on your scores, an analysis of what they seem to imply, and a statement of what would seem to be, from that analysis, the general sort of endeavor in which you are most likely to be successful and happy.

The Laboratory workers keep insisting that vocational guidance is not their function and will refrain from advising too specifically what precise career would be best for you. This does not evade the basic purpose, however, for they tell you clearly the *kind* or *kinds* of work in which they are sure you will do best.

If contradictory evidence has been disclosed, you may be invited back for a conference and discussion, based on their scientific knowledge and your mutual common sense, as to what you should do about it.

Proof of the Pudding

I got a clearer idea of how these tests work and what they accomplish from studying completed cases than from watching the Laboratory operate. I was helped by its director, David Mack, the smooth-faced young giant who plays a sort of Plato to O'Connor's bearded Socrates. He kept worrying about my wanting to pick "miracle" cases, and said, "Putting all of our work into a nutshell, I think that what we want to do more than anything else is simply to point out to a person certain things that he can do well and certain things that he can do poorly and to help him as nearly as possible

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locate some field, *rather than any one kind of job in particular*, in which he will be called upon to do the things which he can do well and where he will not be called upon to do the things which he does poorly."

A now celebrated individual went several years ago to take the tests. He had specialized in radio engineering but didn't seem to be getting anywhere. He had a lot of technical knowledge, but the tests proved him poor in natural engineering aptitude. It was a blow to him — and a puzzle. Tests in other aptitudes were merely so-so — until they reached tonal memory, when his score jumped sky-high! This shed light on something he'd been hiding from himself. With the help of O'Connor's psychologists, he was presently realizing and confessing that his passionate emotional interest had always been in music, about which he knew very little. His real reason for wanting to break into radio was love of music, and he had taken up engineering as a means because he had no musical training and didn't dream he had any natural musical ability. He had been a rotten engineer but soon became an expert in the fields his latent musical potentialities opened up — and now he's a big shot on a nationwide network.

A shift in one's field of activity is not always indicated. Adjustment will do the needed trick.

Recently a successful writer went to take the tests because he hated writing. His books are occasional best sellers, and he writes regularly for big magazines. Yet he loathed writing. He said he had secretly hoped O'Connor would advise him to give it up and become a carpenter. The results of the tests were a disillusionment to him. They disclosed a deplorable mediocrity at everything — almost. The only ones he rated high in were precisely those required for writing — creative imagination, inductive reasoning, observation. He rated high also in vocabulary. But he turned out to be an "objective" type — liked meeting and talking and playing with people and loathed applying the seat of the pants to the seat of a chair in solitude. That was why he hated writing. O'Connor advised him to recognize the facts, go on suffering and writing, since it was the only craft for which he had natural aptitude, but to take up lecturing, too, and to write about things which involved contact with others. He told him that he'd go bankrupt if he ever went into business and that he'd make a lousy carpenter.

A young woman doing a finger job in a factory was going to be fired, not so much because her ability was mediocre as because she was sullen and quarrelsome. The tests showed that, while she had learned to do the job with her fingers not too badly, her inherent finger dexterity was very poor. On the contrary, though she had never been employed at any job requiring tweezer dexterity, she made a high score in that. Purely as an experiment, O'Connor persuaded her foreman to shift her to a job in which she used small tools instead of her fingers. She still holds the job and is one of the most popular workers in the factory. Her ill nature came from a sense of frustration in work for which she had no natural aptitude.

Educational Guidance

Despite these marvelous adult adjustments, it still seemed to me that the testing of pupils and students might be the Laboratory's most important contribution to the future welfare of humanity.

"Many youngsters never really get interested in education," says O'Connor. "They worry about where they are going. They are not going to college because they have no idea what they are going to do afterwards. A youngster is bound to be more interested if he has some notion of where he is going. Our purpose, therefore, is to help him direct his education toward some aim.

"Another reason for aptitude testing among younger children is to help them avoid difficulties. A boy who is low in clerical aptitude is almost certain to be bored by the routine, clerical schoolwork. He is very apt to have so much trouble with arithmetic that he never goes on into higher mathematics, which he can very often do and do well. He is very apt to make so many foolish mistakes that teachers do not realize that he is thinking correctly and that his mistakes are not errors of thinking but merely errors of bookkeeping."

The tests for young people are identical with those given adults, and here are some proof-of-the-pudding cases.

A boy who had failed repeatedly in Latin, French, and English scored well only in the tests indicating aptitude for scientific and

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engineering work. This was explained not only to him but to his prep-school headmaster. The boy had previously been told that because of his failure to pass the language requirements he should abandon all thought of college. The headmaster planned the boy's next year with care: senior physics and advanced laboratory work; chemistry, perhaps somewhat less structural than physics but a science; and geometry — three subjects in which he could make practical use of high structural-visualization aptitude. As a fourth course the boy took English, but he was told that he would be judged only by his sciences. At the end of the year he took college-board examinations in his three scientific subjects and averaged high. The result was most satisfactory. The boy acquired a confidence in himself which he had never had before, and the faculty of the school had confidence in him. No teacher is ordinarily interested in struggling with a boy who fails repeatedly in language examinations, but a boy who does well in science is a challenge to the masters who teach language.

A father who teaches in a large metropolitan high school was worried because his boy was introspective, shrinking from contacts, apathetic toward school and social activities. To everybody's surprise, the boy scored extremely objective in personality and high in a wide range of inherent aptitudes. Somewhere in life he had had some experience which had caused him to acquire on the surface the mannerisms of a subjective person but down deep he was objective — enjoyed people and contacts. He was prevailed on, in the light of the tests, to admit it. Six months later his father came in to tell Mack that the boy was a totally different person, that he was getting A's instead of C's in his schoolwork, that he had been elected president of one of the school social organizations and vice president of another.

On the other hand, a truly subjective young man who had taken the tests was accepted, after having failed in two colleges, by a third college, which studied the adjustment of the individual. The shrinking youth was told that he would not be called on to recite in class; and this was impressed on every member of the faculty. A senior scholarship man was assigned to work in the same room with the boy evenings, not to tutor him but to be on hand if some question arose — for an extremely subjective person often wastes hours on a problem rather than make a simple query which might instantly clear up the difficulty. This student attended all his classes but for eight weeks sat without a word. Not until he discovered, at mid-term, that he had passed everything did he begin at rare intervals to take part in class discussion. He remained subjective and aloof but graduated in the top ten of his class.

A young girl had flunked out of one of the best Eastern colleges for women in the middle of her freshman year. She came in to take the tests and proved high in structural visualization. She enrolled the next year for a course in architecture. The last heard of her was that she had won two prizes and that one of her architectural layouts was on display in the lobby of the college architectural building.

The importance of early testing is shown by the sad case of the son of an engineer. He came to the Laboratory at eighteen, after barely managing to scrape through high school. This boy had inherited his father's talent without knowing it. His brilliant scores in structural-visualization tests made it seem desirable that he enter engineering, architecture, surgery, or some profession which offers similar opportunity to capitalize the gift for visualizing solid forms. Each of these fields, however, demands highly specialized college training; and four years of high-school floundering, without scientific guidance, had given this young man nothing which the college he needed could accept for entrance.

In addition to the many students who are sent by parents or come voluntarily to Hoboken, Boston, and Chicago, the Laboratory is continually doing field work, by request, in public and private schools. It also tests for various industries, including chain stores, 2 New York banks, one of the national radio organizations, an aeronautical concern, the executive direction of a large New York hospital, and many colleges and universities, as well as for individual adults who apply voluntarily.

The Laboratory makes no claim to have discovered a panacea, but if a person is fundamentally sound timber, whether rare mahogany or common pine, whether he is a square or round peg, O'Connor and his associates have definitely discovered a way to help him find the right sort of hole.

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How Good Is Parole?

A Debate

I — Society's Safety through Parole

***by* SANFORD BATES**

IT SEEMS TO ME that the time has come to leave sentiment and emotion out of the crime problem on both sides and to attempt to shape our penal systems not for the purpose of wreaking vengeance but to secure the maximum protection to our communities. This would not seem to be a difficult assumption to make, but, having made it, we must next realize the fact that every prisoner must either die in prison or some day emerge.

Now there seems to be a disposition in certain quarters to regard the advocates of parole as persons who are unduly sensitive to the interests of prisoners. While there may have been occasions when, in the light of subsequent offenses, it has seemed that parole or pardoning authorities were more impressed by the needs of the prisoners than those of the community, the facts as presented throughout the country and seen as a whole force us to the conclusion that parole is *a method of further protecting the community* rather than a demonstration of leniency.

The problem of the discharged prisoner has always been a difficult one. Society has not yet learned how to punish a man and reform him at the same time. Undoubtedly many men are released from prison no better and possibly worse than when they went in. But many men also leave prison with a well-formed resolve to go straight — a resolve which subsequently breaks down when they attempt to confront a hostile or unsympathetic society single-handed.

It was in recognition of these facts that wise men who had the interests of the community uppermost in their minds proposed that a period of supervision be added to the end of a man's prison term. Now, the only way that this can be accomplished and the very necessary element of compulsion retained is (1) to provide a sentence longer than the time that a prisoner should properly and justly be retained in prison, (2) to release him into the community before the expiration of that full time, (3) to keep him under strict surveillance and send him back to prison on the first indication of his failure to conform. From this point of view parole is seen to be an extension and not a diminution of the sentence, and it becomes another element for the protection of society.

Perhaps we have made a mistake in referring to a parole as being *granted* to an individual when, as a matter of fact, we are justified in most instances in referring to the process of supervised release as something to which he is being *subjected*. Prison wardens can testify to the fact that many prisoners prefer the old method of release to the one which keeps them under surveillance a long time.

There are other advantages to a good parole system which do not in any way diminish the punishment properly imposed on a wrongdoer. It makes it possible to (1) adjust the date of release to a time when employment can be obtained for the parolee, (2) provide an incentive for good behavior, (3) assist a well-intentioned prisoner to rehabilitate himself, (4) return a violator without trial, and (5) enable the authorities to keep a check on the man's conduct and whereabouts. None of these things is possible under the definite-sentence system.

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II

A CAREFUL SCRUTINY of the statistics available will show several surprising things to those people who are accustomed to agree with denunciations of parole.

1. The figures will indicate that in good parole systems, such as that of the federal government, not more than ten per cent of discharged prisoners violate regulations during the period of their parole.

2. They will indicate that a surprisingly small percentage — less than 1 per cent — of all the men now being arrested for crime (not only major crimes but all crime) are found to be on parole at the time of arrest. The last issue of *Uniform Crime Reports* published by the United States Department of Justice which gave figures of this sort covered the first 3 months of 1935. During that period the total number of arrests cleared in Washington for finger-print identification, for all crimes, was 90,504. Of that number the individuals found to be on parole at the time of arrest totaled 509. We have heard it said repeatedly that an astonishingly high percentage of serious crimes now being committed are by men on parole. These same statistics indicate 1,535 arrests for criminal homicide, but a table in the same issue indicates that not a single one of these persons when arrested was found to be on parole.

3. They will show that the time served in prison previous to a release on parole is on the average longer than the time served when the sentence was completed. This last fact is proved by figures gathered from Census Bureau reports and from recent studies made in Massachusetts and Illinois.

Illinois is one of the States where parole has been most under attack from certain sections of the press. A recent survey in that State disclosed the fact that under the old definite-sentence system the time served in prison for the 3 major crimes of robbery, burglary, and larceny averaged 6.3 years but that, since men have been released by the parole method on the determination of the State Board of Parole, the average length of a sentence for one of these 3 crimes is 8.1 years.

In the same way our people have recently been filled with fear that hideous sex offenders are being rapidly turned loose by careless or venal parole boards. In a ringing defense of parole as a procedure, Governor Lehman of New York recently pointed out that, in the 7 years' operation of the New York State Parole Board, 925 sex offenders had been released from their sentences and that during that time only 8 had been convicted of new offenses — although 25 more had been returned to prison under the protective device which permits a return to confinement of a parolee if in the judgment of the Board he is likely to commit a new offense.

Of course, it is easy to affix the blame when a paroled man goes wrong — much easier than to criticize the police, district attorneys, and courts for any misguided leniency on their part. And it is likewise difficult to discover the thousands and tens of thousands of prisoners who have justified the faith of parole boards and who have not been subsequently rearrested. One hears only of the occasional case which seems to indicate lack of judgment or positive venality on the part of a parole board.

It is safe to say that today many more mistakes are being made throughout the country on the side of too great severity rather than too much leniency. One cannot immediately discover mistakes of this sort without looking into our prisons.

The case of John Dillinger has been held up as a shining example of parole failure. As a matter of fact, as Governor McNutt of Indiana himself pointed out, Dillinger was held in prison for nearly nine years for complicity in a crime for which his older associate served less than three. Might it not be that Dillinger's pre-eminence as a public enemy was owing as much to an overdose of prison as to any mistaken leniency?

The wiser and more careful the system of parole which is devised, the more protective it will be. Parole which is merely equivalent to pardon is never as effective or as safe as parole administered by a full-time nonpolitical board which has the benefit of all the facts with reference to the prisoner and his community. Unless we are prepared completely to abandon any idea of reform, even for the most trivial offense, we must some day release each criminal from prison; and, when we do, what safer method than parole can possibly be devised?

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II—Abolish Parole Abuses

by J. EDGAR HOOVER

I BELIEVE in the theory of parole and subscribe wholeheartedly to its humanitarian principles, which provide for the release of offenders from prison prior to the expiration of their time after they have shown some sign of genuine reformation and rehabilitation under careful supervision. The parole systems which actually function in accordance with the avowed principles of parole are commendatory indeed and merit the support of every honest, law-abiding citizen. They have mine, to the fullest extent. Unfortunately, however, honest-to-goodness parole systems are few and far between.

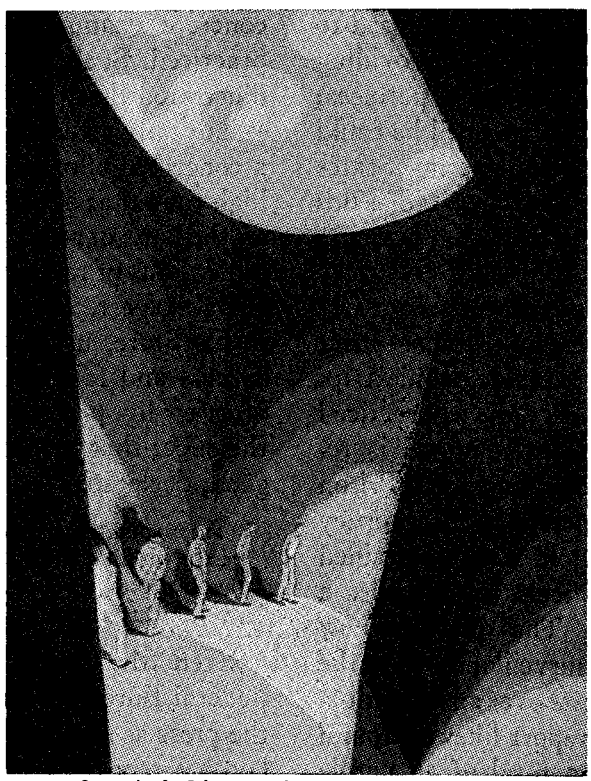
As a matter of fact, the report of the New York Prison Association for 1935, after a survey of indeterminate-sentence laws, observes:

> On the basis of this study we can readily conclude that not more than six or seven states and the Federal Government have what can be termed suitable and scientific parole methods.

This report also points out that "in some jurisdictions parole is not worthy of the name."

In condemning present-day practices in parole administration, I have never urged the abolition of the theory of parole but I have denounced existing practices which have permitted the release by parole of unreformed, unregenerated, and unrehabilitated criminals. It is therefore rather difficult for me to reconcile myself to the views and actions of certain professional proponents of parole who have adopted a seemingly ostrichlike attitude to parole abuses but who howl to high heaven that everyone who views the facts as they exist and who denounces practices which certainly are not consistent with the best interests of the body politic is a member of the Machine Gun School of Criminology. I know of no responsible persons who talk about the out-and-out abolition of parole, yet we would be led by the devious, confused claims of parole advocates to believe that everyone who condemns the abuses of parole is just such an abolitionist. This is as far from the truth as the utterances of certain members of the sob-sister fraternity to the effect that crime is not increasing but is on the decline, even though cold, impartial facts and figures revealed a decided increase in crime in 1937 over 1936.

Let me, therefore, explain the feeling and conviction of one whose duty it is to protect the law-abiding from the lawless. I am decidedly in favor of abolition of the present-day parole abuses which are prevalent in far too many of our States. I am unalterably opposed to the release of hardened criminals, time after time in a haphazard manner upon law-abiding communities, to do as they wish without semblance of proper supervision. If interest in the protection of society is to be subordinated to interest in some criminal's freedom, then I proudly plead guilty to being a member of the Machine Gun School of Criminology. Indeed, I feel that I shall be in a better position to face my fellow men with a clear conscience than members of the Cream Puff School of Criminology, whose deliberate evasion of existing facts is doing much to



Conception by John Vassos for Oscar Wilde's Ballad of Reading Gaol
Courtesy E. P. Dutton & Co.

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hinder the building of a parole system which will protect society. If only a small portion of the energy being expended to defend present parole administration were diverted toward correcting its present defects, then indeed the professional parole advocates would have better ground for objecting to criticism of the system.

II

SPACE DOES NOT permit a complete elucidation of present-day parole abuses.

Surely, however, no one will deny that the selection of prisoners for parole falls far short of being scientific. For example, one parole board, according to the press, stationed a "sociological adviser" at a State reformatory, where she was to endeavor to determine the degree of a prisoner's reformation by studying the "slants, strokes, and curlicues" of his handwriting. This sociological adviser said her "knowledge of drugs and sociology, in addition to graphology," enabled her to "decide whether certain types of convicts would be apt subjects for rehabilitation."

Sundown parole — giving released convicts until nightfall to get out of the State — has no place in America.

As a matter of fact, if everything were all right with parole, certainly the governor of a great Eastern State would not have refused to sign a compact with 25 other States providing for the supervision of out-of-State parolees; yet he did feel it unwise to do so until he could be assured that the other contracting States had adequate parole standards. He said: "Toleration of corrupt conditions is more criminal than the criminal himself."

In lauding parole, its advocates frequently refer to the parolee's release "under strict surveillance." That is Utopian. How undescriptive these statements are of parole as practiced in the great majority of jurisdictions is revealed by the report of the New York Prison Association, previously referred to. In a survey of 133 penal institutions, it was ascertained that 42 had no parole officers to supervise a total of 12,182 parolees. The question now is — where is the strict surveillance that the parole advocates claim exists over an individual released on parole? This report likewise found that 36 institutions had a total of 36 parole officers to supervise 8,566 parolees; 14 institutions had a total of 28 parole officers to supervise 2,407 parolees; and 10 institutions had a total of 30 parole officers to supervise 3,592 parolees. In all, the 133 institutions considered had 191 parole officers to supervise 46,613 parolees, or 244 for every parole officer. It is generally recognized that for maximum efficiency a parole officer should not carry a case load of over 50 parolees. Thus *strict surveillance* becomes just a couple of words.

I quite agree that it is high time for America to leave sentiment and emotion out of the crime problem and face facts as they exist. The question is whether parole as practiced should be abolished or continued. I say abolish the abuses and maladministration of parole and continue it as it should be practiced. Instead of slinging mud and making wild accusations against those who would point out the defects of parole, let the professional lobbyists for it exert a little of their energy in building up the application of this most humanitarian principle. I am forced to the belief that those who are criticizing parole as it is practiced today are better friends of parole than its sob-sisterish, gushing, mawkish defenders.

The federal parole system, under the United States Parole Board and the able direction of the Attorney General of the United States, Honorable Homer Cummings, presents a concrete example of how parole should be practiced. Such States as Rhode Island have illustrated that parole can be made to function — but only after its abuses are recognized and a concerted effort made to correct them. It is high time that applicants for parole be selected on the basis of merit, past history, and outward indications of real reformation.

One expert, after a careful survey of parole in his State, urged a statistical study of the success and failure of parole and, in the face of cries by professional parole exponents to the effect that 85 per cent of all parolees make good, declared:

> Approximately one-half of the men paroled violate parole within a three year period after release from the institution. These figures do not agree with published statistics calculated on a false basis.

Even Mr. Bates, a former director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons, has been quoted in the press as saying that 60 per cent of convicts become repeaters after their first trip behind prison walls.

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We have heard much about the fact that fewer than 1 per cent of all arrests made in the United States are of persons on parole. That figure is not accurate, because it was compiled in 1934 from records not comprehensive and not complete in detail, owing to failure of many agencies to submit information on parole records during preceding years. Even in 1937, the F.B.I. was receiving information on the release of prisoners from only 41 per cent of the nation's penal institutions.

When we look, however, at the Public Enemy File, for 1937, of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, which has the complete criminal records of our 13,602 kidnapers, extortionists, bank robbers, racketeers, and outstanding gangsters, there is revealed some highly interesting information. Thirty per cent of these notorious hoodlums have been the recipients of clemency not only once but in many cases as often as 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10 times. Of them, 2,802 were granted parole on various occasions during their criminal careers; and 76.4 per cent of those who were the recipients of parole were subsequently rearrested, either while on parole or after the expiration of the parole period. Two thirds of those arrested while they were already on parole were charged with such crimes as murder, rape, robbery, kidnaping, and other felonies. This picture of parole failure is substantiated by many local parole surveys, which show parole failure to range from 15 to 85 per cent.

While there is a decided shortage of comprehensive statistics on crimes committed by parolees, I do know that, concerning the 272 principals in kidnaping cases which the F.B.I. had been called on to investigate up to February 1, 1938, the records reveal 235 instances of clemency for them. Evidence was found that in 115 instances the freedom afforded them had been misused. At the time of the kidnaping crime for which they were held, each had been arrested an average of 4.8 times; each had been convicted an average of 2.9 times; and 25.4 per cent of the total number of kidnapers were at liberty at the time of the kidnaping as a result of clemency, of escape, or of bond forfeiture.

The average time served by persons convicted of crime, as far as I can ascertain, has no bearing on the efficacy of parole administration, yet it is rather appalling to note that the average time served for the taking of a human life is 58.1 months; following a conviction for rape, 38.9 months; for an aggravated assault, 26.7; robbery, 46.8; burglary, 25.9; and larceny, 18.5. These figures are according to the most recent report of the Bureau of the Census. They include incarcerations throughout the United States and not in any one particular State.

III

THE EFFICACY of parole must be determined ultimately by results — results from practical observations — and conclusions must be based on fact, not theory or belief. There is nothing new to the theory of parole. We have had it in this country for a long time. It would appear that enough time has elapsed to have allowed more than a reasonable opportunity for experimentation with ways of administering it.

John Dillinger slugged a helpless man into insensibility and plundered his store. For that he was sentenced to serve penitentiary terms of from two to fourteen years and from ten to twenty years, respectively. It has been said by some that his later activities resulted from an embittered attitude toward society because of his long sentence. Others seriously contend that his career of crime was the result of unhappiness following a tragic love affair in his teens. Be that as it may, following his parole eight law-enforcement officers and two citizens were killed, six officers and one citizen were wounded, four banks were robbed, three arsenals were plundered, and three jail deliveries were accomplished — the Dillinger gang's depredations. All this occurred approximately ten years before the expiration of Dillinger's maximum sentence.

Humanitarian treatment of the prisoner should be a prime consideration, yet is self-preservation a barbaric practice? I suggest that society preserve itself. The first offender, the wayward youth who has stubbed his toe, should be given every consideration, yet I insist that parole as practiced is unworthy of its name when it subjects society to a reign of terror from the criminal — whatever the psychopathic reason for his criminality — just to accommodate his friends and family or just because some public servant cannot resist the expediencies of politics.

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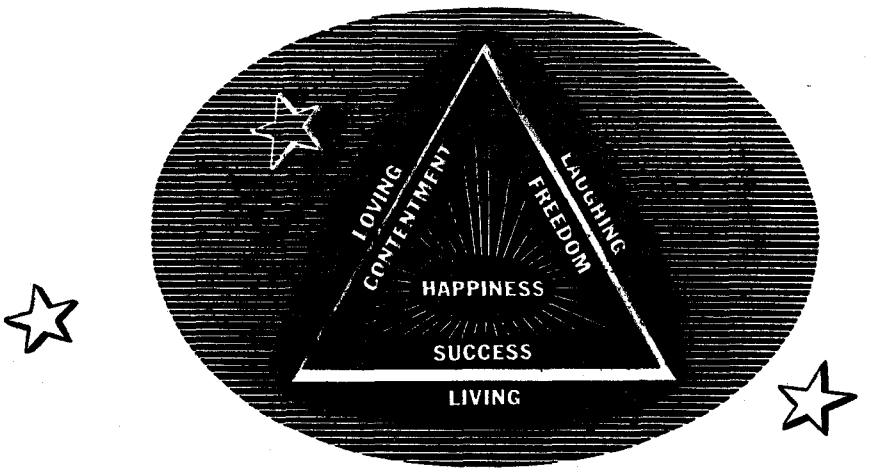
Problems in Living



by **WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON**

What's troubling *you?*

The time has come, in our clinic discussions, to thresh out some personal problems in living. The most serious cases in this month's mail deal with despair, hopelessness, the feeling that nothing matters. I deal with them in a group since they all have a common psychological denominator. And I offer to these despairing ones the completed histories of similar cases which have been solved as they can solve their own.

(*For R. D., Montana; H. K. J., New London, Conn.; M. H., Atlanta, Ga.; A. T. L., Washington, D. C.; and E. R., Florida.*)

Nothing Hopeless Is Real

"Doctor, *please* come over!" Young Mrs. Tomlin, wife of a clever and prosperous ghost writer, was weeping into the telephone. "It's Hardy. He says he's going to kill himself!"

I went over.

There was Hardy Tomlin, usually alert and cynical, slumped miserably at his desk, eyes wide and black with despair. He was toying with the revolver in his hand, apparently making mental preparations.

I said, "What's this, Hardy, an act?"

Tomlin looked at me with the bitterest expression I have ever seen on a human face. "My last act," he said. "I can't write. I'm no good. There's no hope." He lifted a book manuscript from his desk and dropped it into the wastebasket. "Seventh publisher turned it down," he said. "Book of my own — spent three years writing." The man was sunk in an emotional sea of hopelessness.

"I am glad," I said, "that your trouble isn't real."

Tomlin stared at me in amazement.

I explained that the exaggerated quality of his feeling proved it false, imaginary. He was suffering from an emotional brain storm, not a material disaster.

Our brains often make trouble for us. They frequently behave like flooded carburetors, overcharged with explosive feeling. There is only one thing to do on such occasions — drain off the excess emotion.

"Get up, Hardy," I commanded. "Put your hat on. Take that manuscript to Blank." I named an intelligent literary agent. "Ask him to read it and advise you."

An hour later Tomlin called me up, chipper as a lark. "Blank says I may have to rewrite the book," he announced happily. "He'll let me know when he finishes reading it." The prospect of doing three years' work all over again had actually made Tomlin cheerful.

Action or even the prospect of it gives an emotional outlet and relieves the unbearable pressure of ugly feelings which otherwise pile up. Active striving toward a desired goal is reality; hopeless inactivity is illusion, a mental mirage that falsely belittles your invincible self.

The next time you feel utterly hopeless, tell yourself that the very deadliness of your feeling proves it false. But don't stop too long to argue with yourself — *do* something. Do the

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first thing that occurs to you. If that doesn't work, it will at least start you *acting* in the right direction. Action will clear your emotional fog and give your brain a chance to work. Always, if you follow this prescription, you will think out the *right* thing to do eventually. You will attain your present purpose or a bigger one.

Elsa K's fiancé took an oil-company job in the Orient which prevented him from marrying for three years. Elsa felt absolutely crushed, blacked out. Nothing was real to her but grief and disappointment. Normal ideas, feelings, and facts faded out of her mind. During that interval of hopelessness she ceased to live.

Her mother said, "Oh, you'll come out of it, Elsa. We all have moments like that, but they soon pass. In a week you'll wonder how you ever could have felt this way."

But Elsa took no active steps to drain off her flood of despair. She floundered in it too long. She lost her job, because she didn't take enough interest in it. Then she sank into another, still longer, period of unreality.

The fourth or fifth time this happened, a psychologist was sent for.

Elsa told him her fiancé was coming back, landing next week at San Francisco. But she didn't want to see him. She knew he had met lots more attractive girls than she, and what was the use?

"Take a plane tonight for the west coast," the doctor advised. "You be on that dock when your man lands. And don't let him get away from you."

Elsa protested feebly, but there was a new sparkle of real life in her eyes.

From the west coast she wired her mother:

MARRIED TODAY. SAILING SUMATRA TOMORROW. THIS IS LIVING.

The cure for hopelessness frequently remedies its original cause, as it did in Elsa's case. Another 24 hours of emotional self-indulgence in gloom, and this girl would have missed life happiness. The man who loved her would have sailed away for 3 more lonely years, and Elsa would have lost permanently her contact with reality.

If the delusion of utter failure tempts you into a despairful emotional orgy, remember that you are playing with a mental drug habit. These fits are dangerous. You need to snap yourself out of them instantly. Instead of furnishing escape, hopelessness imprisons your immortal power of happiness within a mental torture cage and welds the bars ever closer about your dearest hopes and aspirations. Escape at once, before the lock of habit becomes too strong to break. You need only remember this: *nothing hopeless is real.* And, to prove it, begin *living* again.

The Egg Comes First—Hatch It!

Edith F, one of our clinic members, writes me from a sanitarium as follows:

> Dear Doctor:
> Here I am, a "mental case." I have worked in the same company for fifteen years. Other girls were promoted over my head. . . . The chief of my division was most unjust. . . . I couldn't stand it! Then I began to go to pieces. . . . I didn't do good work, I admit. . . . They had to send me here. . . . Oh, *what* can I do? My mental health is broken because I failed, and I failed because my mental health was broken by injustice.

Which comes first, the chicken or the egg, her failure in business or her personality breakdown?

My answer — the egg, the girl's own mental condition.

We live in a dangerous world, a cruel world sometimes, a world where jungle law — survival of the fit — prevails. But, on the other hand, there is no reason why you or I or Edith F shouldn't be fit. We have only to remember the inexorable fact which Edith forgot — that personality is our "egg of destiny." We must guard that egg as our greatest treasure, brood over it, develop it, keep it alive and warm. Then the egg will hatch as nature ordained.

It is difficult to bear this thought firmly in mind while people kick you around and use you as a means to gain their own goals. But in that very ability to rebound from heavy blows, to keep one's inner resiliency blown up by the realization that it is oneself and not the external world which counts, lies the human differential between failure and success.

I advise Edith F, when the protective atmosphere of the sanitarium has temporarily restored her self-assurance, to go after another job. It doesn't matter whether the position she seeks is inside or outside her former company. It doesn't matter, even, whether she gets the new job or not. *Seeking some way to beat the boss who kicked her around* will do wonders to restore her inner equilibrium. It will give her the true feeling of independence,

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of relying on herself and not waiting for some other person's whim to boost her to success. Edith must learn to *hatch her own personality egg* — we all have to learn it. And, the quicker we start working at this job — the only productive process we *can* work at — the sooner we will attain self-sufficiency in the fascinating game of living.

Spanking Makes Men

A MOTHER writes me:

> My young son, Ned, has been going to a progressive school where they give children wide latitude in "self-expression." They let him try this, that, and the other thing and now Neddy is a problem child. He won't do anything, at home or anywhere, unless he wants to do it at that particular moment. His father insists that Ned go to some semi-military school in the fall, where he will be made to follow a rigidly prescribed curriculum, with severe punishments for disobedience. What do you advise, Doctor?

I advise spanking — loving maternal and paternal spanking — at home.

There is nothing disgraceful about being spanked by a person who loves you, your mother preferably, your father if he is really paternal, your husband or your wife, if you've delayed your spankings (verbal or physical) to so late a period in your career. No human being — I give this as my conclusion from the study of thousands of cases personally analyzed — amounts to anything worth considering until he has been spanked. We wouldn't have any Mussolini, any Hitler, any Japanese egomaniacs desperately determined on subjugating China if these abnormally self-willed individuals had been spanked into loving submission to other humans at an early age.

It's like this. You have a child of great force, strong, self-seeking, dominant. That, so far as it goes, is admirable. But any dynamo, any source of tremendous energy, material or biological, must be bound, harnessed, to constructive endeavor. Lightning destroys. But high-voltage generators run trains, illuminate homes, manufacture happiness-producing products. Edison, Ford, Marconi, all real men, great conquerors of nature's forces in humanity's service, were spanked in time, controlled, made submissive to their fellow men, from whom they later reaped huge rewards in consequence. Any individual who has within himself the capacity for conquest has also the potentiality of destruction. If permitted to shoot out his energy promiscuously in every direction he will certainly do more harm than good with it — harm to others and himself. If he is opposed, thwarted by teachers or other disciplinarians whom he believes inimical or who seek to control him for their purposes and not for his own good, he will become revengeful. Such is the simplified psychological case history of Europe's three bloodthirsty dictators.

That is why I say, spank Ned at home. Compel him to adapt his whole personality energy to tasks set for him by loving parents. Then send him to a school where his individual interests will be served, his personal tastes and talents considered, but where he will be made to adapt his efforts to standards and purposes set by his instructors. Then he will succeed. Then he will learn to live in the larger way — for himself via a constructive submission to the requirements of others.

The Price of Love Is Love — Not Marriage

A 24-YEAR-OLD GIRL writes:

> I believe that I love Tom and he thinks he loves me. There is no reason why we shouldn't be married — except this. I don't believe it is possible to tell whether you really love anybody until you try living with them. It is my firm conviction that a girl and a man ought to try living together before committing themselves to a marriage contract "until death us do part." But Tom says he won't do it. Unless I give myself to him legally, he says I do not really love him. What do you think? Am I right or is he?

This case is an interesting modern reversal of the old double-standard situation where the man felt justified in experimenting and the girl demanded "honorable marriage" as the price of her affections. But the woman's motives are not reversed — they are virtually identical. In Victorian days a maiden believed that she could control a man's attention to herself only if she bound him legally with a marriage ceremony. My present correspondent hopes to accomplish the same purpose in a different way. She reasons that marriage will make her lover indifferent, dominant, bored and that only by requiring him to prove his constancy by remaining faithful when he is under no compulsion to do so can she be sure of his love.

This young woman is right — not in her sociological theories but in her "intuitional" perceptions. It is quite true that marriage

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oftener than not destroys love by substituting a feeling of *duty*. When marital partners rely on their legal rights in one another, they cease making love. If your wife — or your husband — can't get away from you, if he or she owes you the moral and legal duty of giving you love whenever you demand it, what motive remains to earn caresses by loverlike allurements? As a consequence, not much love is made by either spouse in the average marriage. Lovemaking is the price of love — neither marriage nor any other contractual obligation calls it forth.

The young woman who sent her problem to our clinic has courage — the courage of wise feminine convictions. I do not advise her to make marriage wait on a premarital test or trial. I advise her to spend her energy and intelligence in devising sound psychological methods to enforce lovemaking after marriage. I am writing her personally some practical suggestions. But, since the fundamental issues of her problem are so universally important, I am placing them before you — if you have had experience which may help this clinic member, send it in.

Let Each Man Remember

There is a terrible hour in the early morning
When men awake and look on the day that brings
The black adventure, approaching with no less certainty
Than the light that grows, the untroubled bird that sings.

It does not greatly matter what we have to consider,
Whether the difficult word, or the surgeon's knife,
The last silver goblet to pawn, or the fatal letter,
Or the prospect of going on with a particular life.

The point is: They rise — (always they seem to have risen,
They always will rise, I suppose,) by courage alone;
Somehow, by this or by that, they engender courage,
Courage bred in flesh that is sick to the bone.

In different fashions they compass their set intent
To rout the reluctant sword from the gripping sheath,
By thinking, perhaps, upon the Blessed Sacrament,
Or perhaps by coffee, or perhaps by gritted teeth.

It is indisputable that some turn solemn or savage,
While others have found that it serves them best to be glib
When they inwardly lean and listen, listen for courage,
That bitter and curious thing beneath the rib.

With nothing to win, perhaps, and no sane reason
To put up a fight, they grip and hang to the thread
As fierce and still as a swinging threatened spider;
They are too brave to say, it is simpler to be dead.

Let each man remember, who opens his eyes to the morning,
How many men have braced them to meet that light,
And pious or ribald, one way or another, how many
Will smile in its face, when he is at peace in the night.

Josephine Jacobsen

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Hitchhike Passports

by **CHAPMAN J. MILLING**

HITCHHIKING has become a problem of such importance that laws forbidding its practice have been enacted in no less than fourteen states, *viz.*, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Maine, Minnesota, New Jersey, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Utah, Virginia, Wisconsin, New York, plus the District of Columbia. Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Ontario have similar laws. Advocates of such statutes are able to point to hundreds of cases of which the following examples are typical:

William Copley, a resident of Los Angeles, decided to take a trip to New York in his brand-new sixteen-cylinder Cadillac roadster. Having abundant leisure and being imbued with the worthy and patriotic desire to see America first, he elected to include Jacksonville, Florida, in his itinerary. As he was leaving that city on his way north, he was hailed by two neatly dressed young men who asked him for a ride as far as Richmond, Virginia. He had reached a point near Fairfax, South Carolina, when one of the gentlemen jammed a pistol into his ribs, struck him smartly over the left eye, and, with the assistance of his companion, relieved him of his automobile and $300 in cash. This robbery occurred at two o'clock in the afternoon on a paved State and federal highway.

A South Carolinian picked up two strangers near the Savannah River. He was found in Texas a week later, bound and beaten. His car, of course, was gone. So were the men he had befriended.

A businessman who gave a lift to a pair of friendly looking fellows was discovered several hours later nursing painful scalp wounds, a severe headache, and empty pockets. That was six years ago, and he is still looking around for his automobile.

The news columns last year were full of the trial of a young man who, accompanied by a girl companion, murdered a driver near Lonoke, Arkansas.

A lawyer friend of mine was so charmed with a young chap he recently picked up on the road that he took him to his country estate for a swim, after which he invited him to have lunch. When they had eaten, his guest suggested that he walk out to the car for a package of cigarettes. Following him a few minutes later, the affable host beheld his new friend driving nonchalantly away, waving cheerfully as he rounded the last turn. Three weeks later the car was discovered 500 miles from home, badly damaged. Luckily, the owner carried adequate theft coverage.

Despite the fact that such incidents occur so frequently as to have become commonplace, most of the antihitchhiking laws are about as successfully enforced as was our Noble Experiment. Sentiment is not behind them, and they are simply ignored by the majority of people, both drivers and pedestrians.

There is much, in fact, to be said in favor of hitchhiking. It is not so much the principle of *noblesse oblige* as it is simply the neighborly American way of doing things. All of us really desire companionship when riding alone, and most of us, I am sure, feel a little guilty when we whiz by a hopeful looking man whom we visualize as staring regretfully at our vanishing car. Rare indeed is the driver who will not, at least occasionally, take in a bona fide collegian. College boys are not, at present, noted for their wealth, even though the favored few may keep their own cars on the campus. Many of the present generation of college students are receiving their education wholly or in part through their own efforts. Helping these lads home for a week end is the sort of good turn most of us still enjoy doing. As an evidence of this fact, the case of South Carolina, the last State to pass an antihitchhiking law, may be cited. When protests began pouring in, the

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concensus of opinion seemed to be that where students were concerned the new law ought not to be enforced.

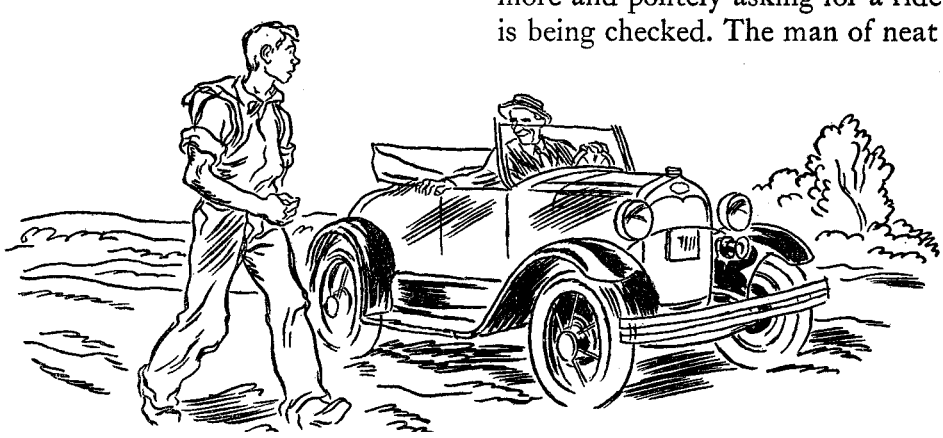
The same sentiment ought, of course, to apply to all honest, industrious people unable to furnish their own transportation. As a matter of fact, most drivers who now confine the favor to college boys would be glad to take in other people as well, if only they had some reasonable assurance that they were in safe company. I believe that public sentiment has always agreed that it is a pity to penalize the deserving because of the small criminal element. In fact, the very frequency of hitchhiking crimes indicates that the average driver is still willing to take a chance in order to help the average pedestrian.

Wanderers of the Highway

While occasional vagrants have always wandered the highways, hitchhiking in its present form is little more than a decade old. It probably had its inception when the Florida boom attracted so many people with no visible means of transportation. The idea of soliciting free rides was rendered respectable when the superrealtors provided immense busses for all who showed the slightest interest in an orange grove or a beach-development lot. Florida now turns back as many vagrants as possible, and the boom has long since been accorded its brief, tragic paragraph in the nation's economic history, but the free riding continues. Year after year more pedestrians appear on the highways. Whole families may be seen on the roads — old men and women, married couples, little children, even nursing babies.

Some of these people are simply unfortunates who cling to the delusion that somewhere, if only they go far enough from home, employment and security await them. A few of them, it is all too evident, are quite genuine criminals, ready to accept the hospitality of a person's car and then wrest it from him by force of arms, not even stopping short of murder. Most of the hikers, however, are independent young people, out for adventure, for temporary employment, or for a good time or, more often, simply on their way home for a week end.

Of late the experienced members of the fraternity have avoided the thumb system as much as possible, having learned that a violently jerked wrist sometimes antagonizes an otherwise kindly disposed driver. They have adopted a method involving better psychology, doubtless introduced by the college lads. They walk down the shoulder at a leisurely rate, cast one or two wistful looks backward toward an approaching car, then proceed on as if in advanced stages of combined sunstroke, caisson disease, carbon-monoxide poisoning, and fallen arches. Another method, likewise largely employed by student hikers, is that of hanging around a filling station in groups of two or more and politely asking for a ride when a car is being checked. The man of neat appearance and pleasing personality seldom has much difficulty in obtaining a ride in this way; nevertheless, I know of more than one service station whose business has been seriously damaged on this account.



For a very good reason all the college boys on the road appear to be freshmen. The little skullcap with its letter or numeral distinguishes them at once with at least the outward appearance of gentlemen. But not every cap wearer proves to be a freshman. On one occasion I myself picked up a verdant-looking youth whose cap proclaimed him to be a member of the class of '40. Noting, however, the

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mature and careworn lines of his face, I made bold to ask him when he had graduated and learned that he had been battling the cruelties of an acquisitive society since 1932. The freshman cap, he admitted quite honestly, was a sure-fire trick, always good for a ride. When I learned the salary he was earning as a schoolteacher, I could not find it in my heart to blame the poor fellow for this harmless subterfuge.

A fairly neat suitcase, liberally plastered with pennants, will serve as a good substitute for the freshman cap. These pennants, the gum-sticker variety, can readily be obtained for about one cent each in every college town. Experienced vagrants are well aware of their persuasive effect.

A friend of mine relates how he once picked up a "college" man who spoke Bowery English and who had evidently failed to perform the rite of ablution for several weeks. As soon as the fellow got in, he asked my friend his destination. The latter named a point some distance short of where he actually intended to stop and thus got rid of the imposter. He failed, however, to eradicate a certain perfume, not the odor of sanctity, which, alas, lingered in his car for several days.

Hitchhiking A B C's

If you are inclined to be generous with your car, it is a wise plan to inspect your would-be passenger before taking him in. If he is really deserving, he will not be offended; if he does show resentment, you do not want him for company.

I know a man who is fond of companionship and whose profession requires him to travel from 700 to 1,000 miles every week. It is his habit to drive past a hitchhiker, slow down, then look back. If the hiker maintains a pleasant expression, he may stop and invite him to ride; but, if the fellow appears angry, he drives on. If asked for a ride at a filling station, he inquires politely whether or not the applicant is willing to submit to a search of his person for firearms. If there is no objection, the privilege is generally waived. It is his invariable rule never to take more than one man at a time, and this one is invited to occupy the front seat beside him. By observing these few simple precautions, he has never had the slightest trouble with any of the hundreds of young people whom he has helped.

There are hitchhikers who, on their part, are fully as particular as my friend.

One of these once informed me that his most important rule was to present a neat appearance. His clothes were not of especially good quality but he insisted they be neatly pressed and entirely free from dirt or obvious patches. He carried a small, good-quality handbag and always wore a clean shirt and a bright necktie. He paid as much attention to personality as a well-trained sales executive.

When he saw a car which appealed to him, he noted quickly the appearance of the driver and the number of passengers. If the car were full or if the driver wore a grim, determined look, he resumed his walk in a dignified manner. If, on the other hand, matters looked more auspicious, he stopped, glanced toward the car, and registered his most friendly and disarming smile. He told me that he had never had any trouble securing a ride in any part of the United States. He calculated that out of every five cars thus solicited three passed him by at unabated speed, a fourth slowed down but kept going, the fifth picked him up.

This hiker retained his good manners after the car stopped. He answered all questions cheerfully and, once inside, tried to be as helpful as possible, storing his grip in the most convenient space and offering to hold the baby, the thermos jug, or the Pomeranian. On several occasions, he said, he had been given meals at roadside eating houses and had frequently been asked to go beyond his destination just for the sake of his company. I must confess that he left me feeling he had conferred a distinct favor on me by riding a few miles in my car.

Of late the ranks of the hitchhikers have been augmented by an increasing proportion of women, chiefly girls from industrial towns and independent unmarried women of an adventurous nature. It is a wise policy to refrain from helping the latter across State lines. Occasionally old, even feeble, women are encountered. I once gave a ride to a farm woman of 60, who, with her 3 small grandchildren, was attempting a 25-mile stretch. She had the old-style technique pat, thumb and all. As soon as she stepped in my car, she began calling down curses on the dozen or more cars which had just passed her. I listened to her entire life history during those 25 miles.

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It is remarkable how much intimate detail a hitchhiker will insist on telling a perfect stranger but it is still more remarkable how much the motorist will frequently confide in the hiker. It is probably the principle of psychological catharsis, familiarly known as blowing off.

This is possibly one reason why so many of us continue to pick up unknown men or women who *may* be criminals, asking them no questions and risking our lives and property with them. But the principal reason, I believe, lies elsewhere. It is the fact that the average American motorist still desires, in spite of the well-known risks, to help the man or woman he believes worthy. And, until human nature changes for the worse, rides are going to be given to decent-looking people who ask for them.

Licenses for Road Tramps

Is there, then, a remedy? Can any method be evolved which will discourage crime on the highway, give a feeling of security to indulgent motorists, and help those hitchhikers who are not mere vagabonds?

I believe that there is a solution which is both practical and easy of accomplishment — registration. As an automobile owner interested in the problem as viewed from every angle, I humbly submit the following plan:

Let each State legislature pass a registration act, supplanting any act now in force, and issue licenses for properly qualified hitchhikers. No one with a criminal record ought to be eligible, nor should habitual vagrants, young children, or the mentally incompetent. Actual details could be handled by the highway departments of the various States. The licenses might be issued through the office of the clerk of court or some other designated official in each county, without the necessity of creating any new organization or bureau. These licenses should be printed on a special card made of some durable material which would be difficult to duplicate. In short, the forms should be made as hard to counterfeit as a $20 bill. Each applicant should be charged a reasonable fee, say $2, sufficient to cover the expense of photographing and fingerprinting the licensee and pay the cost of the forms.

Thousands of fingerprints would thus be obtained, some of which would undoubtedly prove useful later on. But what of the drifters and criminals who would, for the most part, remain unregistered and whose fingerprints are the ones really wanted? These dangerous and irresponsible vagrants would, by the very nature of the law, remain outside the pale, and there would no longer be any excuse for their presence on the roads. If ever arrested for attempting to secure a ride without a license, they could then be fingerprinted as violators of a State law. I believe that such a statute would all but abolish hitchhiking crimes.

What, under such a system, would be the motorist's obligation?

Precisely nothing. He would not be *required* to transport anyone but would be *permitted* by law to give a ride to any person presenting the proper credentials.

Would he have to stop and read everybody's license?

Not at all, unless he wanted to do so. The card would simply replace the once universal thumb. At his own option the driver could stop and interview a hiker whose card had been held up at his approach. A quick glance at the card would tell him whether the license was genuine and if it belonged to the applicant, since it would contain a brief description of the holder as well as his photograph. Provision might even be made for the hiker's signature, which, if further identification were required, could be executed for comparison. The driver could still refuse the ride if, after close-range study, he decided he didn't like the fellow's looks.

But who is going to stop in the middle of a trip and appraise either the hiker or his license?

Precisely the same driver who now stops and asks him a dozen or more questions before taking the inevitable chance.

States adopting such a measure could include a waiver-of-responsibility clause as a part of the act. Then, in case of an accident, the hitchhiker would not be in a position to sue the driver, as he is now in many States.

Any law which is openly nullified by respectable people breeds disrespect for law in general. Yet people, since laws began, have always nullified, whenever possible, laws which inhibited their personal liberty. Shall we, then, continue to pass ineffective laws to solve this problem or shall we dignify the custom of hitchhiking by surrounding it with sane regulation and control?

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Psychology Cures Alcoholism

by **EDWARD A. STRECKER**

IT IS REMARKABLE that, from the very dawn of recorded history and, obviously, long before, men made and imbibed alcoholic beverages. Apparently along with discoveries of various devices and artifices which made it possible to accomplish the domination of all other species, our primitive ancestors soon stumbled on a crude chemistry involving the application of heat and moisture to almost anything that happened to be available. The result was a drink doubtless tasting very strangely but producing highly interesting reactions.

Hieroglyphic and cuneiform inscriptions record beer drinking under the Pharaohs. The Athenians of the Golden Age drank wine, as did the Romans, who thickened their potations with resin. In Asia exotic liquors were perfumed with rose leaves. The barbarians of the north contrived from cereal and honey a drink called mead. In the sixteenth century the kilted highlanders of Scotland distilled whisky. Long before he bartered the land of his fathers for the firewater of the palefaces, our North American Indian had discovered that gall from the gall bladder of a freshly killed buffalo, when mixed with ashes, made an authoritative brew.

So did the tide of alcohol rise and flow down through the centuries. It is significant that countless efforts, including rigid prohibitive legislation, have all failed to dam the flow. Today, alcohol in some form or another is the basis of an accepted and common social ritual, practiced among all peoples at every economic and cultural level. The urge to drink alcohol is firmly and deeply implanted in the human race. What is the motive power of that urge?

PSYCHOLOGICAL RAISON D'ÊTRE OF ALCOHOLISM

THE DRINK IMPULSE is scarcely an inherited quality. It is noteworthy that the children of alcoholic parents are somewhat more likely to become total abstainers than excessive drinkers. Neither is the urge to drink prompted by the nutritive instinct, since alcohol has little or no food value. Nor can it be owing to its pleasant taste. Those drinkers who have an informed taste and are authoritative about the gustatory ritual of alcoholic beverages are exceedingly few. Usually, excessive drinkers are indifferent to the taste of alcohol, and many of them actively dislike it.

Actually there is no "craving" for alcohol. It is true that during the so-called alcoholic jitters the amount of sugar in the blood is often low and this chemical situation in the body reveals itself by a variety of sensations. These sensations are expressive of the bodily need for a rapidly absorbable carbohydrate food, and at such times alcohol may be taken in large quantities. On the other hand, a bar of chocolate would meet the chemical need of the tissues much more effectively than a drink of whisky.

There is every reason to believe that the explanation of the long survival and wide diffusion of the drink impulse is definitely psychological. Observe any party which is fairly "moist." The individual personalities of the members of the group soon become submerged in the flowing bowl, and there can be traced a common pattern of behavior which has regressed to a level far lower and far less responsible than the customary behavior level of the members of the group. The portly businessman of 55 thinks he is once more, and tries to act like, the young buck of 25. The adipose dowager forgets for the moment the steadying effect of 50 excess pounds and her grown children and in her alcoholic thoughts and behavior attempts to recapture the gay and dashing debutante of 30 years ago. When a party is not merely moist but dripping wet, then one may witness behavior that would shame a 4-year-old child.

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If the unconscious but eagerly sought effect of alcohol in excessive quantities is behavior at a level of lessened or even abolished responsibility, then clearly there must exist a strong inner compulsion to soften or disperse the hard-and-fast facts of everyday sober life. Truly this is so, and it is the core of the psychological *raison d'être* of pathological drinking. For too many people, inadequately prepared to come to grips with life (usually because during childhood they have been denied the attainment of emotional maturity), alcohol offers an armor against the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. For these people, strong drink is too strong. It accomplishes its psychological objective by blunting the higher faculties of logical intelligence, self-criticism, inhibition, and ethics. The environment is rosily blurred, and the hard, sharp outlines of the personal problems it presents become obscured.

In the beginning it is very simple. Alcoholic phantasy can be purchased easily in a bottle, ready to use. The pictures evoked by the magic liquid are so flattering to an ego lacerated by sharp contacts with the real world that it becomes rapidly and increasingly difficult to face everyday life in cold sobriety. *The stage of abnormal drinking is when the individual cannot look at reality without the deceptive aid of an alcoholic screen.* Then begins the payment of the high toll exacted for the journey into the land of make-believe.

The Bootstraps of Psychological Treatment

If alcoholism is chiefly psychological in its purpose and effects, then it can be dealt with effectively only by psychological weapons. Medicines, sanitariums, and various physical upbuilding measures have their place in the therapeutic plan, but, unless the dominant motif is psychological, then treatment is foredoomed to failure. Furthermore, whatever may be the details of the psychological treatment employed, in principle it must combat both the emotional immaturity on which, so often, the alcoholism is engrafted and the irresponsible, regressive behavior it induces.

From the very beginning of psychological treatment, the therapist is willing to deal only with whatever segment of maturity may exist in the patient. He cannot become a party to any conspiracy either of duress or emotional persuasion in order to get the alcoholic into his office. The patient must have at least some fractional understanding of his situation and some particle of desire to adjust to life on a nonalcoholic basis. If he is placed in the impossible position of being forced into a beggar's choice between the devil of unwanted treatment and the deep blue sea of disciplinary measures, then he is poor material for psychological re-education. Most drinkers want to get well but do not know how to accomplish it.

Just as there is no compulsion about accepting treatment, so, too, are there very few rules to which the potential patient is asked to subscribe.

It *is* necessary for him to make up his own mind in the matter of becoming a patient; he *must* be willing to be frank and honest in his dealings with the therapist; and, if he should relapse, he *must* agree to inform the physician as promptly as is possible. That is all.

On such a solid foundation, placed on a mature level of mutual trust and confidence, the patient and therapist work together to solve the problem of the excessive drinking.

In the treatment sessions, the patient cannot help but be impressed by the intelligent and nonemotional attitude of the therapist. Furthermore, it soon becomes evident to him that he will not be tricked or scolded, cajoled or blamed, damned or praised, even should he relapse into a drinking bout. It was on such immature psychological soil that his alcoholism flourished in the past, and the only level from which there may be seen a hopeful vista is the plateau of personal decision, responsibility, and mature thinking.

At the beginning of the treatment, it is suggested that the patient read one of the standard books on the psychology of alcoholism and mark the passages applying to him, together with those comments with which he agrees or disagrees. These marked passages become the basis of future discussions.

It is suggested, too, that every evening the patient schedule in a notebook a list of activities for the following day. Since every day of the alcoholic has been a series of ineffectual attempts to live through 24 hours and since, too, important activities can be scheduled at temptation times, like the afternoon cocktail

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hour, the schedule functions as a helpful protective device. The reasons for lapses from it are scrutinized and discussed.

Psychological Highroads and Byways

Together, the patient and the therapist retrace the alcoholic road. Usually it leads to a childhood setting of varying combinations of parental dominance and spoiling, which left the patient emotionally immature, unable to meet the give and take of life, and a potential victim of the Lorelei of the narcotic alcohol.

The various alcoholic experiences spread out over one or more decades of life are impersonally dissected, robbed of their subterfuges and illusions; and the unpleasantly naked skeleton is revealed.

Some of the principles which, added together, make a weight sufficiently heavy to break the backbone of the alcoholism are learned early in the treatment; others do not become inculcated into the personality of the patient until he is at the threshold of recovery.

He learns early and generally he is able to accept and feel that his alcoholism is a symbol of mental maladjustment, a deceptive smoke screen to shut out the claims of real, everyday life. Soon he begins to realize that he has never really known why he continued to drink excessively. His defenses, endless pitiful rationalizations, are exposed to the lenses of his maturer judgment. In all truth he did not continue to drink because his wife was disagreeable, his children noisy and sick, his rheumatism worse, his finances at low ebb, or his employer difficult. The drinking went on and on because in his narcotized mind another alcoholic excess was autosuggested by the dregs of the previous one. So did the vicious circle revolve. The petty excuses which he advanced for the drinking (and which he honestly believed) were no more true than the reason advanced by the subject, after a hypnotic trance, who insists on taking off his shoes because, he says, his "feet hurt" — having no knowledge whatever of the fact that he wants to take the shoes off because the hypnotist suggested it to his subconscious mind during the trance.

During the early treatment sessions, the patient finds out for the first time just why he wants to stop drinking. It is not, as he thought, because of his aged and sick mother, his sorrowing wife, or his shamed and frightened children. Experience demonstrates that such false premises inevitably lead to a conclusion of remorse which is drowned in deeper and deeper pools of alcohol. In reality he wants to get well for himself, because only a nonalcoholic future offers him any chance of satisfaction and happiness in life.

Soon he finds out how to deal with the innumerable alcoholic impulses which constantly assail his mind. They spring from all sources — liquor advertisements, his club, the passing of a taproom, the sight of a bottle of whisky, a thought of former good times. Such alcoholic thoughts are *not* to be suppressed. To do so would only leave a seed from which more alcoholic indulgence would grow. Alcoholic associations are to be brought out into the open and honestly faced, so that each thought tied up with a drink becomes a stimulus which induces a mental review of the whole sad panorama of miserable conditions owing to drinking in the past. Thus there is built up a conditional reflex of thought which soon becomes high and strong enough to act as an effective barrier against the tides of alcohol.

For ten or fifteen minutes of each treatment session, there is practiced the psychological device of relaxation.

> The patient is put into a state of abstraction. He is asked to close his eyes, breathe slowly, and think of the more prominent muscles when they are mentioned as becoming relaxed. The cadence of the voice is made increasingly monotonous, ending with the suggestion that the patient is drowsier and sleepier. This lasts for five minutes, and then an equal amount of time is spent in giving simple, constructive ideas.

Particularly during the early phases of treatment, the mind of the patient is literally bombarded by alcoholic associations. In the relaxed state of mind, these are quieted, and there is less resistance to beneficial suggestions. These suggestions must not be positive and final, such as, "You will never drink again!" but simple in nature, suggesting, for instance, that the treatment is progressing splendidly and bids fair to end in complete nonalcoholic adjustment.

The dreams of the patient deserve psychological review. Usually they indicate the difficulty the patient is meeting in accepting a nonalcoholic future and are replete with situations in which the dreamer cannot possibly decline the proffer of a drink. Amusing, too, are the instances in which the patient registers

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a dream protest against his alcoholic inferiority, such as a dream in which he is obliged to take care of a disgracefully drunken therapist.

The final and highest psychological hurdle is the emotional and not merely intellectual acceptance of a nonalcoholic future. Even in patients who are almost well, there are apt to remain a few alcoholic thought threads, like this one:

> Sometimes the thought comes to mind that I won't drink for the next five, ten, or even twenty years, and then when I am an old man I can start drinking again.

Once there is a complete surrender to the inevitable abstinence from alcohol for the remainder of his life, then the patient is quite comfortable and happy. The battle is over, and he is well. Perhaps the proper final state of mind is well expressed by the words of a physician thoroughly experienced in the treatment of alcoholism:

> I don't believe a man is cured until he can not only visualize going through life without alcohol, but can feel confident that St. Peter's proffer of a welcoming cup of heavenly ambrosia would be automatically turned down on the suspicion that it contained alcohol.

Sanitarium treatment may be needed for relatively short periods, but, if too prolonged, it does more harm than good. The sanitarium gives too much security. It becomes the symbol for the childhood pattern of parental authority and overprotection and displaces the mature self-decision. The major engagements of the battle against alcohol must be waged by the patient on his own natural terrain.

The psychological treatment of alcoholism has many facets. It must focus on every aspect of the patient's existence — family and home life, vocation, hobbies, exercise and diversions, food, fatigue, and many other things.

Successful treatment not only frees the prisoner from his bondage to alcohol but permits him to grow in all his mental dimensions, so that he becomes not only willing but anxious to meet life face to face and extract from it satisfaction, happiness, and success.

Perpetual Care

Promiscuous is this precinct of the dead
Where hill graves mix with casual weed and tree;
This plot is merged and lost whose stones once read
Our baby, darling Joel, daughter Bee,
Father, mother, last of the family, James;
The bright ironic years with leaves entwine
The fallen marble and the flaking names,
Veiling the tilted stave's long-rusted sign,
Perpetual Care. A chipmunk leaps from moss
To stave-top, floats a golden plume across
The weathered pledge; with eyes pointed, aware,
He holds this chaos of perpetual slumber —
O watchful warden, O diurnal care,
Brave guardian, keep proud your plume of amber!

Charlotte Kellogg

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The Case for Building & Loan

by **A. D. THEOBALD**

WRITING IN the May FORUM, Mr. J. L. Brown seems to have succeeded where the great Edmund Burke failed. For, while the latter admitted he did not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people, Mr. Brown, in "The Building and Loan Bubble," found a method of indicting an entire system of 10,000 institutions with $6,000,000,000 in assets — a system which has financed 8,000,000 homes in this country and which last year loaned about $1,000,000,000 to home-owning families. The chief fault of Mr. Brown's indictment is his attempt to take in too much territory, with a good deal of which he could not be familiar. Possibly his judgment has been overinfluenced by his own limited experience, because his materials do not indicate a broad knowledge of the institutions.

In many ways the record of building and loan can speak for itself. There is no type of business on earth that is foolproof. Every business or profession is unfortunate in having some rascals in its midst. Building and loan has not been and probably never will be an exception. Nevertheless, people do not stop making investments and engaging in business transactions because some managements are inept. In spite of Mr. Mitchell, we continue to do business with banks. People go right along buying Homestake Mine stock whenever they can get it, regardless of the fact that some gold-mining companies spring up and go to the wall every year. It is even found that people have gone ahead buying public-utility stocks and bonds in spite of the Insull disaster of some time ago. The same discriminating judgment is requested of the reader in weighing the case of savings, building-and-loan associations.

Some building-and-loan associations have been frozen solid. Some managers have been too poorly paid and have done this work as a sideline and were, therefore, unequal to the task. Some institutions of this type have loaned money on security which should not be acceptable for mortgages from a thrift and home-financing institution. Some few have followed the indefensible practice of continuing to take people's savings and make new mortgages with them while neglecting to pay off a long held waiting list of those who wanted their money. But, when you have said this, you have about summed up the case.

There are, on the other hand, many thousands of institutions, holding 75 to 80 per cent of the total assets in all such associations, to which these accusations do not apply. Only a minority of those with the remaining percentage of assets is deserving of other than a small part of any of the generalizations Mr. Brown made about the industry.

Today savings, building-and-loan associations are the backbone of private financing for America's small one- and two-family home building. Not more than half the new homes which have been built in the past two years — meager as their number is — could have been erected had there been no savings, building-and-loan associations to carry the financing load. Thus, in spite of mistakes in some parts of it in the past, the system is still vindicating its right to be considered an integral part of America's financial setup. And, anent Mr. Brown's claim that building and loan left the banks far behind in mortgage financing in the 1920's, I hasten to add that this is still true today, although the associations are inclined to look askance at the 90-per-cent financing recently given much publicity.

The building societies in Great Britain, which are the counterparts of our savings-and-loan institutions, are the most important single factor in the home financing of that country and have almost solely been responsible for financing the upsurge which has brought British recovery ahead of ours and which is doing so much to improve British housing standards.

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This is logical enough, on both sides of the Atlantic, since these are the only specialized institutions for home financing which either country boasts.

II

An institution which specializes in mortgage loans does not hope to achieve the kind of liquidity which is required of banks. Nevertheless, for the 30 years prior to 1930 there was scarcely a building-and-loan association in the country from which a member could not get his savings when he needed them. Given a similar period of time without a general financial crash, the same will be true of the next 30 years. Of course, with the onslaught of banking troubles in the early '30's, an unusual demand for withdrawals came also to the savings, building-and-loan institutions. It is not merely a form of excuse making to assert that most of the trouble with frozen building-and-loan associations came in localities where the banking troubles were greatest and came after the bank crashes. This happens to be a fact. And, with unusual withdrawal demands on them, thousands of associations did have to ask the savers to wait varying periods for their money. Many of them, however, met all requests for funds promptly.

If the holding of real estate whose former owners defaulted in payment of obligations is considered evidence of a frozen condition, Mr. Brown's blanket indictment is again based on insufficient facts. There are some States where the record of the associations is almost amazing — after the worst depression in history — as regards freedom from bad loans. The epithet *frozen* consequently is distinctly inappropriate.

Massachusetts, which ranks fourth among the States in the dollar volume of assets in the savings-and-loan type of institution, came to the end of 1936 with only 11 per cent of the assets on the books of the associations in real estate. This is in spite of particularly bad depression unemployment in that State, so highly industrialized. Likewise, New York State's savings-and-loan institutions had only 11.3 per cent of their assets in real estate at this period. North Carolina, one of the most prominent savings, building-and-loan States in the southeast, and Connecticut, second most important building-and-loan State in New England, have even more incredible records — 6.7 per cent and 5 per cent, respectively, of their total resources in the form of real estate. These are not frozen institutions by any means, and $750,000,000 of building-and-loan resources are in them. While admittedly these States are topnotchers from the point of view of real estate owned (by no means the only test of sound, well-managed associations), it is also true that many another State could be named among these where real estate owned has never been a really serious problem.

The United States Building and Loan League recently conducted a survey of investment money coming in and going out of representative associations for the first quarters of 1937 and 1938. The compilation shows that 998 associations, representing every State in the Union, returned to their savers and investors $57,367,194 during the first 3 months of 1937 and $64,364,226 during the first 3 months of this year. Here we have evidence that at least 998 associations are not in any degree frozen today; and this is but a sample.

Since the beginning of the first modern-era depression in 1929, building-and-loan associations have repaid to their savers over $5,000,000,000. Most of these savings went to persons of modest or poor means. In many cases the building-and-loan account was the only resource on which such persons could rely. This performance is certainly not characteristic of a frozen investment. How much greater would have been the despair and much more burdensome the relief load had these savings not been accumulated, intact, and available. Building and loan has done its part in cushioning the shock of the depression.

III

As Mr. Brown indicates, much legislation affecting the return of savings from associations has been enacted since 1930. Most of it, however, has been for the clear purpose of expediting the repayment of funds to those who needed them. Indeed the very Supreme Court decision on a Louisiana statute to which Mr. Brown referred had to do with just such an enactment. Legislation of this character became desirable because associations faced unprecedented conditions, and it would seem to be an evidence of progress, worthy of commendation rather than condemnation, that the changes were made.

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The enlightened leadership of the building-and-loan business has not been unmindful of the necessity of carrying on its affairs in the public interest if it is to merit and receive public good will and support. It has made the changes in practice and policy required by modern conditions. The business quite possibly could ride through another 1933 without serious disturbance. Adjustments include carrying far more cash than was once the case, availability of additional money from the Federal Home Loan Bank system, building and loan's own reserve credit system, and insurance of accounts by the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation to give confidence to those who might otherwise withdraw their money in unwarranted fear.

If the willingness of the public to leave its funds with sound, well-managed associations is the test of the probability of their survival, Mr. Brown is at least premature in forecasting their demise during their present state of health. The same survey referred to above showed that these 998 associations during the first quarter of 1938 received $91,539,331 in new savings from the public. This compares with $77,281,-115 in the comparable period of 1937 — an increase of 18 per cent, in spite of the new depression. These associations showed an increase in assets of over $90,000,000, or 6.6 per cent of their totals in the year 1937. With such evidence of public confidence, the associations cannot exactly be said to be withering away.

Mr. Brown's comments on the loan plan of building-and-loan associations are typical of many other parts of his indictment, since they demonstrate what may necessarily have been a rather limited and localized knowledge of the business.

For two or more decades thousands of associations around the country, including many in Mr. Brown's neighboring State of New York, have used a loan plan very different from the one he described. Under it every payment made by the borrower directly reduces the amount he owes, and each month's interest is calculated on the amount actually unpaid. What could be fairer? There has been for the past six or seven years a steady change to this more modern form of loan plan.

The older and more familiarly known type is that which assumes the borrower's earning dividends on his monthly payments to offset the payment of interest on the full face of the loan as long as he is in debt. In all fairness it should be pointed out that there is nothing reprehensible about the older plan and that its disadvantages were not felt as long as times were good and the associations were earning substantial dividends which were paid to the borrowers on the shares being accumulated to cancel the loan. Millions of homes in America have been cleared of debt on this plan, and no borrower thought he was being victimized during the high-dividend period.

IV

THE ERA INTO which savings, building-and-loan associations are now emerging may well be said to be the adulthood of the system. Its long period of infancy and childhood in the neighborhood-club stage perhaps had to result in a period when some associations experienced extreme growing pains, in order that it might emerge into the highly practical and useful system of thrift and home finance which it represents today. Specialized home-financing institutions have to be run like businesses today, and nobody knows this better than the men who have the job of running them. They are proud of the record of the great majority of the institutions in keeping their investors' money safe and in helping their borrowers to homeownership. They have no apologies to make for the system as such and they, along with some 6,000,000 investors, believe that it has much to contribute to the commonweal

It was not mere sentiment on the part of Calvin Coolidge when he said of these institutions, "The resulting good is beyond measure."

Nor was it idle talk on the part of another president of the United States, Herbert Hoover, when he said:

> The men who have shaped the building-and-loan plan have been pioneers in molding a most important economic characteristic of New World civilization.

Nor can I refrain from quoting the former Governor of Virginia, John W. Pollard, who said:

> Such associations form the greatest single factor in the promotion of thrift and home making. You are not only businessmen but public benefactors.

In other words, we, who have some part in planning its future, still believe that there is a cause embodied in the savings-and-loan business. The managers, however, are convinced

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that the cause can be pursued most thoroughly by running the institutions along the lines of the soundest of business principles.

It does not seem to be possible for any business to continue to operate for any length of time without making some mistakes and without sheltering a few black sheep. Certainly no one would take on himself the responsibility of promising for the savings, building-and-loan associations (any more than for any other financial institutions) that they will proceed from now until kingdom come to do exactly the right thing always. It is certainly a safe surmise, however, that in the future far fewer of them will merit castigation than have earned it in the past, even though the records show pretty plainly that the number of those which have made missteps in the past is certainly insufficient to warrant indicting the industry. The reasonable care which any citizen should exercise before entrusting his savings to another, including his government, will easily permit him to distinguish between those institutions which merit his confidence and those, fewer in number, which do not.

The basic dependability of public-spirited citizens collaborating in a thrift and home-financing enterprise has been the cornerstone of the confidence which savings, building-and-loan associations enjoy. Managers and directors of the associations have, moreover, always welcomed public inspection of accounts, and they themselves have long been active in obtaining legislation to assure such scrutiny by representatives of the public. If, therefore, any skulduggery has been permitted, the blame can be laid squarely on public officials.

It should always be borne in mind that savings, building-and-loan associations, involving no profit making except for the whole body of investors, are a unique type of financial organization in our economic system. Their activity is much more in keeping with American tradition than the paternalism of government finance and much more social in spirit than the policy of 100-per-cent profit-making finance. This being the case, the public attitude toward the well-managed, confidence-inspiring majority of associations should certainly be *Go ahead and do more of it.*

In an early issue:
"The Press Can Do No Wrong,"
by H. L. Smith

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Flight from Slander

by MARION JOYCE

EDITOR'S NOTE: — *Neither* THE FORUM *nor the author of this article is here concerned with Lesbianism as a moral issue. But, as most observant people will have discovered for themselves, the craze for modern psychologies has infected a multitude of self-styled sophisticates, many of whom have read a book on this intricate subject, with a zeal for imputing homosexuality to any man or woman unfortunate enough to appear in some way effeminate or mannish, as the case may be. That the rankest kind of cruelty may thus be perpetrated is obvious. The real burden of "Miss Joyce's" article, therefore, might be summed up in the old saw,* A little learning is a dangerous thing.

I WAS BORN with the belief that between two women there might be sincere affection and sympathetic understanding, the symbols of real friendship. Schoolgirl attachments were precious to me; the loyalty of my feminine friends and my mother's was unquestioned. As a child, I read with admiration of the heroic female friendships of history.

I was eighteen before I learned that thoughtless remarks could blast a normal companionship and make of it a shameful thing. Public opinion, formed by cheap medical reprints and tabloid gossip, dubbed such contacts perverted, called such women Lesbians, such affection and understanding destructive.

I am 50 years old and single and never before have I had the courage to speak frankly, because a woman has no defense against the slander of perversion. But now I have reached the end of my personal endurance under the persecution that I have been forced to accept because I happen to have been born a woman well above the average in height, with a voice that is two octaves lower than it should rightly be, with hands that are broad at the knuckles and capable of swinging an ax or steadying a plow. Because I must earn my living, I am asking the right to live my life without the menace of ignorance made cruelly aware of misapplied clinical facts for commercial gain.

I had a normal childhood in the suburbs of a large city — which, in the 'eighties, with slow steam trains and horse-drawn vehicles, meant an isolated country district. My father had a farm, and there I was brought up with my brothers. I was tall and strong for my age; I ran barefoot all day. My best friend was the farmer's son, a boy of my own age, with whom I planted corn, picked strawberries, and plucked chickens. The coachman taught me to harness horses, and I rode the work team when my father plowed in the spring.

Despite these tomboy activities I had a family of dolls, a silk dress which gave me a real little-girl thrill, and curls at the end of my short hair — put in by my nurse, who tried constantly to make me pretty.

When I was twelve, my father lost his money, my mother died, and the secure world in which I had been living fell away from me. My father gained a reputation of being proud, wealthy, and untouchable. In reality he had become too poor to mix with his neighbors. He had a peculiar fear of the one or two boys who came to the house to see me and finally refused them admittance.

Social conditions in those days were vastly different from those of today. It is trite to recall that the adolescent girl of the better class was then protected to the point of becoming a virtual prisoner in the shelter of her home and immediate friends. Women ambitious for business careers were marked as curiosities. Girls with whom I had played returned from finishing schools with money to spend. I could not understand their manner, which made me feel as heavy as a plow horse. I don't think I envied them but I know I was lonely.

The social position which my family held brought me in contact with a girl whom I had known from childhood and whom I admired

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because her wealth brought her so much freedom. She had been educated in a high-grade Southern school, spent her winters with her family in the neighboring city, and had just returned from an extensive European tour. I was eighteen, and she was my only friend. She was a gay, vivacious little thing, witty and voluble. Why she sought my company I didn't know but I accepted it gratefully.

And then she told me of Lesbianism.

She had a hard time making me understand what she meant, because she gave me credit for a knowledge greater than I possessed. Since my mother's death, I had had no contact with an older woman. All I knew of sex came from my father's books and from the writing on the basement walls of the public schools. Salacious and filthy as some of this wisdom was, it had nothing to say of the perverted love of one woman for another.

What this girl told me of herself and her friends I hardly understood, but when she plainly stated they were sure that I belonged with them, I was filled with terror and loathing.

The next morning I ran away.

I WENT TO a neighboring city, hoping to find there a chance for individual progress as a normal woman. Nor have I since been back to that village, save on the main highway leading to other places. Whenever I meet an acquaintance of my childhood, I take great care that ours shall be a passing contact, that never shall we have a chance for intimate exchange of mutual childhood memories — lest I be marked with the name that these women handle so deftly and so carelessly.

In the city I lived in a girl's club, a high, old-fashioned brick mansion which housed some 40 girls who were studying for careers or employed in offices. I had $10 a week and a bad case of fright. At night I studied in art school and by day I sold Bibles by house-to-house canvassing. As my work progressed, I began to think along happier lines.

One morning at the "club" I was awakened by the sound of muffled sobs in the adjoining room. My first impulse was to offer assistance, but something held me back. That night, when I came in from work, the girls were standing in hushed groups. The girl next door to me, the tall, slim Canadian, had committed suicide.

I started to ask questions, but the curious smile on the lips of the girls I spoke to stopped me. Then I remembered my neighbor's roommate, a silly little blonde who whistled popular songs and ran around in a disheveled pink negligee. Where was she?

"Flora was married last week," answered a girl bluntly. "Ann couldn't live without her."

I moved, this time to a small apartment leased by a married couple who rented rooms to girls. I avoided the other roomers and enjoyed complete isolation.

I had been able to work into the publicity field, and my outside contacts were now too pressing to allow me time in which to worry about my lack of social contacts. The job was enough.

I was cautious, even in my business connections. Lesbianism was no subject of conversation there, but I found the idea lurking hidden here and there, particularly among men who had lost business opportunities to women. They could not accept women bosses gracefully. To rationalize their own failure it became necessary for them to distort the personalities of the women.

Then, too, I discovered that a certain type of woman was to be feared and avoided. Unfortunately I had made a business contact with one of these before I realized what the consequences might be.

One day she resented a luncheon engagement I had with an old friend. "What is the woman to you?" she demanded. "Are you married to her?"

I turned and started to empty my desk, stacking my possessions in a pile.

"What are you doing?" she asked, and started to cry.

"I'm quitting," I said flatly. "You can have what is left of the business."

During the war period of flaming youth and few scruples, Lesbianism became a common topic for conversation. I heard it discussed, saw it flaunted, felt it whispered. Gradually it became impossible for two women to live together and avoid slander. Few had the courage to brand such talk a lie, for denials brought smiles and further talk. "She protests too much," they would say.

Those I knew avoided the subject with me. And, although *The Captive* was taking the theater public by storm, no women I knew

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went to see it. They were afraid. Strangely, having the instinctive knowledge of the disaster this tentative, secret publicity might bring to them as a whole, they had no desire to meet the curiosity of an awakening audience alone, much less subject a woman friend to such torture. During the period when this play had its run, a bunch of violets became the symbol of an unhealthy association between women, and few women dared buy the flowers at a florist's shop.

About this time a woman for whom I had a very deep affection called me and made a dinner appointment at a small restaurant far from her home. I had known her for years, her husband and her children. Before her marriage she had had a devoted woman friend, who was now dead. I had always admired both women but I had cared for the dead girl more than the living. Recently I had heard rumors of a growing maladjustment of the latter's marriage.

When I met her she was distraught. After nervous preliminaries, she said in a deadly, monotonous voice: "I can't stand this any longer. I have come to you because you are the only sane person that I know and because you knew Sarah while she lived. You knew what we meant to each other as friends, that Sarah was decent and that I am decent. But someone has lied to my husband — and he believes the lies. He believes that our friendship was perverted. I have children — can't you help me? Don't you understand?"

How could I help her? What defense did she have against the accusation? Her word and her dead woman friend whom she had loved dearly. I talked to her for hours and left her, I vainly hoped, with a new faith in herself. She shot herself not long afterward.

III

I WAS IN LINE for a major business position. However, my boss could make or break me and my boss was a woman. I worked hard for the job; I was qualified to hold it. One day I inadvertently entered my superior's office while she was in conference — a conference too personal in nature to bear intrusion. Nevertheless, I was given an unexpected chance at the coveted job. I was invited to become an intimate friend of the boss.

I spent sleepless nights walking the streets of Chicago until I knew them all by heart. I decided always to have a stenographer with me in the office when the woman made her daily visits. For weeks the struggle was intense, and my health broke down. I should have resigned before I did but somehow I couldn't take that licking. That job was the culmination of years of hard work and I had grown tired of running away.

I went to a nerve specialist, who, on discovering that my pay envelope was in danger, sent me to a clinic. The clinic was dominated by a man who experimented with the human mind. He needed examples to prove his theories. I waited for hours in a crowded room beside a woman who cried constantly because she saw dancing monkeys on the walls, while the man behind me swore continuous vengeance against a horde of imagined enemies. Then I was X-rayed and had a blood test made.

I was tired and growing angry when I was put in the charge of a woman doctor who held a paper with a list of questions which she asked me rapidly. Was I tired? Was I born with my deep voice. Were my relatives large? Was my mother a normal woman? How many children had she? What were my reactions to women?

Half the time I didn't know what she was asking. What did I know of my mother other than that she was always near me? Of course I loved her. How could I feel about my women friends other than that I loved them and wished them well? What did I know of the voice with which I was born? Probably I made the same noise any infant makes.

As I grew sullen, barely answering her, she became sharper and more eager. When I saw the queer, expectant look in her eyes, I was frightened. "Every answer I give you you are using against me for some purpose of your own," I protested.

She smiled at my anger and continued her monotonous list until I felt I was being hypnotized. But I stuck it out, believing that the doctor heading the clinic would understand and help me.

When the woman finished with the questions, she told me this man would see me immediately. She took me to the lecture hall and seated me under an arc light. All about in the shadowy, tiered seats men sat watching me.

Then the head doctor began to talk, and I realized he was talking about me.

He said my heart was too steady, my

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shoulders too broad, my weight too great, and my voice too deep. My thyroid was apparently deficient, and my adrenals overactive, judging by the uncontrolled resentment I had shown under preliminary examination. Unfortunately I had no hair on my chest or arms and said my organs functioned normally, but then I might not be aware of what normal function should be. I was a woman, he said, who must be made over if she were to be of value. He could do this if given time — he could raise my voice, make my heart beat more rapidly, reduce my weight, and narrow my shoulders. In fact he could make me a normal woman — at some future date.

I looked at those faces hemming me in. If I spoke, my deep voice would betray me; if I let my anger flare up, it would be my adrenal glands; if I made a protest, it would be brushed aside. The man desired to make his theories real; I was to be one of his ultimate experiments. His voice grew fainter as I felt a hard, cold ugliness grow inside of me. I couldn't hear him distinctly.

Finally another man came down out of the crowd and took me away. "I am sorry," he said. "You can go now if you wish."

I know I left that clinic at noon but I remember nothing else of what I did until much later.

I went to a doctor who had taken care of me when a child, who knew my parents and knew me better than I did myself. That night he burst into profanity that came in an uninterrupted stream of staccato explosions, until he shook me by the shoulders and laughed in my face. "So they are going to change you — to make you over, are they? Well, don't let them! Get out of the city and away from these people!"

IV

So I ran away again, this time seeking a place where my brain could rest, where my strength was an asset in earning my living, where my voice would not destroy my efforts, and where men were not afraid to give women credit for what they could do. I abandoned my business career, gave up a big salary and the years of effort it cost me to gain success. I searched for the most isolated spot I could find.

I bought a farm in Canada where the snow prevented sophisticated city people from reaching me except during the three brief summer months. For ten years I lived on this farm with my cows, chickens, and dogs; my associates were overalled natives and their women, lumberjacks and farmers who seemed to find my determined fight for existence something to be admired.

Four years ago the depression took away my small margin of financial safety, and I was forced to return to the cities. I had no choice. If I were to live, I had to come back to the industrial centers where my past training could be turned into cash. I started again as I had started 30 years ago, selling books from door to door.

Thirty years before, when I had sold Bibles, I had no umbrella. The March I worked the lake meadows was a very rainy March. Doors were open to me because I was tired and wet. I came into women's houses, a stranger. No one knew where I belonged or where I was going. I stayed for an hour and then disappeared. But in that hour I learned more of a woman's secrets than her husband or sweetheart ever knew. I was told many startling things, and the word *Lesbian* was never used, although I learned much of abortions, malformed children, and the shortcomings of men.

Now again I went from door to door, peddling an educational service. I was routed through suburban towns and discovered that the women had grown wise in a queer, abnormal way. In the 30 years that had elapsed, their attitude had become expectant, and their eyes held often a glistening look that I feared.

"Are you a man or woman?" one asked frankly. "I am very lonely here."

Did I run away? Not this time. I laughed

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and sold her my books, knowing she would never open them, then walked down her steps with a check and a date I never kept.

I find that I can sell anything — but not on the merits of the goods I handle. According to the sales manager, I must use "personality plus." That means, to a woman dealing with women, only one thing today. I find a majority of women eager for a dangerous experience never quite realized, which they may use to give a sharper edge to their poor lives.

The last four years have been the hardest I have lived, because I am vividly conscious of the vicious distortion in the minds surrounding me. I am tired with an inertia of which you can have little conception. I must constantly fight against an overwhelming disgust with humanity.

I have sold books as a canvasser, diamond rings on the installment plan to laborers. I have been an art student and an illustrator. I have lived in Bohemian centers and in summer art colonies. I have worked on the desks of trade magazines and once became involved in a women's political organization. I have driven an automobile over lonely roads, stopping at tourist camps and lunchrooms. I have worked in restaurants, lived in city hotels, and run a farm. I learned how to swing an ax, to hoe, to keep books, to understand banking and the peculiarities of farm machinery and automobiles. I also know perfumes, the best silk stockings, the advantage of short-vamp shoes, and the price of a permanent wave. Somewhere I acquired knowledge of the proper feeding of children and their necessary education, learned how to identify measles, to boil cabbage, and to alter a coat. I never learned to spell.

Does this make me a Lesbian?

Must I strip my body to prove I am a normal woman? What more can I do than strip my soul naked in an attempt to protect other innocent individuals who, like myself, refuse much that would be of service to humanity because that same humanity will not let them be normal?

Song of Unwed Women

Name now a day for the glorification
Of mothers and bid us, their offspring, all be
Self-consciously grateful at least for twelve hours.
But it's best to block off in eternity
An aeon for virgins — each scorned, unwed woman
Who battled her flesh with her spirit's dulled spear,
For too vast is the debt the unborn have contracted
To be cancelled in hours or days or in years!

Violet Alleyn Storey

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The Artist's Point of View

Sheldon Cheney Writes a World History of Art

SHELDON CHENEY'S latest book lies open before me as I sit beside my evening campfire on the Canadian shore of Lake Erie. The rock on which his *World History of Art** rests catches my eye. What is this I see? One-time clay congealed to stone, with all manner of strange objects imbedded in it. A honeycombed cornucopia shell. Diverse rocks in horseshoe and twisting shapes. Hard igneous crystals. Extraordinary record, this, of events which happened eons before the art which Cheney writes about evolved from the brain of man. Two histories side by side. Each authentic.

Yesterday in Detroit I talked to a State convention of teachers about saving the child artist. The thing to be saved was not skill in copying but the power to weld experience of life into a universalized expression which throbs with the color, space, and form harmonies and rhythms of the ages of man. I hammered the point that skill in reporting fact is not art but craft and that all such expressions are decadent.

Cheney speaks this language. He has written a history which appraises the art of the ages from the modern viewpoint. He shows that our contemporary awakening to the formal and spiritual values reverses the trend toward naturalism which has been on the gain since the High Renaissance. He tries valiantly to explain these values.

His appraisal of Greek art finds the greatest achievements before the primitive formal power and universalization of subject gave way to the ever gaining demand for the factual, the personal, and the momentary, expressed with technical virtuosity. He traces the decadence of Roman copying of Greek decadence, giving credit to the Roman engineer for his functional use of the arch and his architectural engineering.

Then he makes a genuine contribution to historical writing by his high appraisal of Far Eastern art, with its "inner eye" and spiritual values which have survived through 2,000 years of Western art's fluctuation and decline. In this survey he appraises the Scythian animal art of northern and western Asia, whence the nomad tribes brought it to China, where it influenced pre-Buddhist sculpture, to Persia, and, in the West, to the barbarians from Finland to Spain. Here was designed, form-conscious, symbolic, nonliteral sculpture. It is the sculpture of the modern revival today. In the East it held its universal tradition true. In the West it gave way to the factual report.

Cheney reappraises European art with the same yardstick. He traces the same decline and the survival of the plastic sense — the power to organize color and form into visual symphonies — in the work of the great rebels of each age. Giotto, Michelangelo, Giorgione, Tintoretto, Titian, and El Greco shine with richer luster in these pages. Raphael and the long list of facile technicians take their proper place. All this in line with the new insight the modern movement has given those who understand its implications today.

On his judgment of the contemporary scene, always the severest test of the critic's insight, it is possible to disagree with Cheney on specific statements. The omission of Benton and Wood from even a passing mention has something of poetic justice in it, as compensation for Craven's adoration, but loses all other claims to justice when Curry, Walkowitz, Marsh, and Pop Hart are credited with the "profounder plastic values," even in guarded words. Such judgments arouse the suspicion, in fact, of an externalized rather than a participating understanding. Then his use of the words *naturalistic* and *realistic* without discrimination is irritating. Cheney is a layman writing about an art which he has not practiced. Nevertheless his comprehension proves itself valid in the long run of applications. This modern reappraisal of art history is a valuable work, well-done.

RALPH M. PEARSON

* *Viking, $5.00.*

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A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach

Former President, Poetry Society of America

A — Poetry of Permanence

Selected Poems, by John Masefield (Macmillan, $2.50). A representative selection from the whole range of Masefield's narrative poetry.

B — Poetry of Distinction

Biographical Notes, by John Finley and Leonard Bacon (Century Association). As whimsical of this sort as can be produced in English outside the British Isles.

Selected Poems, by John Gould Fletcher (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50). In this volume Fletcher descends safely through the foam of imagism into the tranquil, transparent pool of nature poetry.

Winter-Burning, by Lindley Williams Hubbell (Knopf, $2.00). A passionate wisdom strictly controlled by words that are few but definitive.

Poetical Works, by W. W. Lord (Random House, $3.50). Random House has performed the public service of adding the forgotten but important verse of a nineteenth-century poet to the *Corpus Poeticum Americanum*.

I'm a Stranger Here Myself, by Ogden Nash (Little, Brown, $2.00). Always maudlin but never melancholy; nothing here but Ogden Nash; $20 worth of burble for $2.

Dawn Is Forever, by E. Merrill Root (Packard, $2.00). The originality of this poet's nature verse is his scientific veracity, hearty satire, and humorous wholesomeness. His malodorous skunk cabbage becomes god, and his idle pedestrian a noisy ghost.

Collected Poems of Alexander Uhrig (privately printed). The brave and wholesome satire of this natural poet earns him a high rating.

America Goes to War, by Alexander Uhrig (privately printed). A morality play of the World War in which Mephistopheles seduces the world statesmen. Every congressman should memorize it.

C — Verse of Merit

The Ring and the Tree, by Sylvester Baxter (Humphries, $1.00). The compact and candid posthumous verse of a Boston poet.

Characters in Cadence, by Louise Morey Bowman (Macmillan, $2.00). A child mind flowering with lovely imagery.

Songs of Hope, by Grace Noll Crowell (Harper, $1.00). The optimism of the seventeenth-century mystics is reincarnate here in the simpler metaphor of today.

White Thorn, by Rose Darrough (Kaleidograph, $1.50). This volume contains several gems, including her glorious poem, "To My Mother."

Foliage, by W. H. Davies (Humphries, $0.75). Pleasant imagery.

Songs of Immolation, by Sister Marie Emmanuel, S.C. (Benziger, $1.50). Religious verse of beautiful reticences.

It Might Be Verse, by Wilfred J. Funk (McBride, $1.75). The droll humor of this careless verse helps to make living in Park Avenue possible.

All in a Lifetime, by Edgar A. Guest (Reilly & Lee, $1.25). Happy rhymes for every occasion, every occupation.

Songs of Earth, by Ignace M. Ingianni (Wings, $1.50). The sunshine and vibrancy of a native Sicily are not hidden in this tender American verse.

The Old House Remembers, by Constance Deming Lewis (Kaleidograph, $1.50). These close-ups will stand the scrutiny of craftsmen.

Highland Lore and Legend, by Ian Malcolm (Macmillan, $2.25). Deep Gaelic legend in sturdy British verse.

Ancient Hebrew Poems, translated by W. O. E. Oesterley (Macmillan, $2.00). A technical but beautiful rendering in English of the rhythms of 32 poems from the Old Testament and "Apocrypha."

Airman, by Sands-Roux (Poets, $2.00). A sonnet sequence of cosmic attitudes.

In Abysm of Time, by Hirsch Lazaar Silverman (Century House, $1.00). Calm and unbitter aphorisms.

Westward Under Vega, by Thomas Wood Stevens (Covici Friede, $2.00). An American Odyssey, 1938.

The Tales of Ensign Stal, by Johan Ludvig Runeberg, translated by Charles Wharton Stork (Princeton, $2.00). The hallmark of integrity is stamped firmly on every page of these beloved martial lays of Finland.

D — Verse of Originality

Through the Years (Adelphi Academy, $1.50). These verses would do high credit to a university.

The Gypsy Lure, by Elizabeth P. Allan (Harrison, $1.50). Sane and objective.

Links in a Chain, by Floyd Blackwell (Pegasus, $1.00). These gracefully interwoven sonnets require skill in the use of rhyme.

Mind and Melody, by May Terry Gill (privately printed, $1.00). Verse of noble purpose and fresh vitality.

The Herald-Silhouettes Press of Ontario, California, has published two brochures of nine lyrics each by James Neill Northe and Margaret Scott Copeland ($0.50).

Toward the Sun, by Everett Wentworth Hill (Poets, $2.00). A distinctive and original piece of bookmaking like all the publications of the Poets Press.

Within the Crucible, by Sophie Himmell (Wings, $1.50). Vibrant verses with clear images.

Gossamered Glory, by Ida Elaine James (Poetry, $2.00). Poignant, fluent, and hopeful.

Shouts and Whispers I Have Heard, by J. Calder Joseph (Fortuny, $1.00). Fragile but sharply etched.

The Painter's Voice, by William Kidder (Humphries, $0.75). New verse of faith arranged in biblical sentence form.

Father Damien, by Richard P. Leahy (Putnam, $2.00). Unruffled and valiant verses.

Live Life Today, by Douglas Malloch (Reilly & Lee, $1.50). Plain verse for plain folks.

Mirages, by Rhoda L. Newton (Dorrance, $1.50). Thank God that the sonnet still lives serene in the work of Rhoda Newton and several other American writers.

Seven Sonnets on Puerto Rico, by Grace Spencer Phillips (Avon, $1.00). A lovely gift book.

Violet Rays, by Olive Allen Robertson (Putnam, $2.00). Gentle humor and deep sincerity.

Fragments of Dreams, by Natalia B. Zabrodna (Dorrance, $1.50). Passionate and courageous.

E — Verse of Local or Personal Appeal

Snapshots from the King's Garden, by Sister M. Agnes (Humphries, $1.00). Passionately devotional but too naïve in technique.

Poems That Are Different, by Jane Crowley (Wetzel, $1.00). Colloquial and companionable.

Courage of the Pilgrims, by Leo McGinley Long (M & K, $1.00). The courageous Mayflower story in sturdy rhyme.

Poems, by Lena W. Parmelee (Stratford, $1.50). Friendly and ebullient lays of nature.

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THE RECORD REVIEW

BEETHOVEN: TRIPLE CONCERTO IN C MAJOR. Odnoposoff, violin; Auber, cello; Morales, piano; & the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Felix Weingartner (Columbia 327; 5 records, $7.00).

SCHUMANN: SYMPHONY NO. 2 IN C MAJOR. The Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Eugene Ormandy (Victor M, AM 448; 5 records, $10.00).

FRANCK: SONATA IN A MAJOR FOR VIOLIN & PIANO. Jascha Heifetz & Arthur Rubinstein (Victor M, AM 449; 3 records, *$6.50*).

BEETHOVEN: VIOLIN SONATAS, VOL. I. Simon Goldberg, violin, & Lili Krauss, piano (Decca; 7 records, $7.75).

So far as the catalogues show, this is the first recording of Beethoven's Triple Concerto. It may as well be the last. Mechanically it is superb, doing greater justice than is necessary to the music and to the performance. Musically the Concerto demonstrates that Beethoven, thank heaven, was as human as others; he, too, had his off days — and most of this justifiably neglected score apparently was composed on some of them.

The Triple Concerto was probably written for Archduke Rudolph, some time about the year 1805. Beethoven was still a young man at the time. As the Concerto was preceded, however, by works like the fresh, robust First Symphony (which Columbia released recently in a magnificent recording by Weingartner and the Vienna Philharmonic — Set 231 — far superior in every respect to Victor's recording by Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra), it is difficult to dismiss the Concerto's weaknesses on the ground that it is an early work.

The Concerto has several arresting qualities, nevertheless. Perhaps, if we did not have the Eroica and the last quartets, we should consider this score palatable. Knowing a vast Beethoven literature, we shall be inclined to value this Concerto as second-rate at best.

The performance by Weingartner and the Orchestra — alas! no longer will this wonderful ensemble be heard with the same personnel — is distinguished, though not as eloquent as some of their previous performances. About the soloists, the less said, the better. Despite the relative mediocrity of the music, this set is something collectors will want, for its documentary value and its spacious, resonant recording.

About a year and a half ago, Dimitri Mitropolous, who should begin to make recordings with some orchestra soon, conducted the Boston Symphony Orchestra through one of the most moving performances I have ever heard — this symphony of Schumann. I did not believe that the performance could be matched by anyone, save perhaps Toscanini.

Ormandy's interpretation comes as a revelation. (Victor's recording is a super-revelation!) And, if you like Schumann *in toto* or only some of him, you may hock your watch, jewels, bonds, and furs and mortgage your house to get the money to buy this set.

This symphony seems to be one work where Schumann does not pad, where his moods are clearly defined, where his melody is rich, and where he dispenses with sentimentality. The tone of the Philadelphia Orchestra is golden, full-blown, and round. Victor captures the subtlest curves. Ormandy makes the most of the score with an orchestra which he seems to have molded to his own cast. Virtually this is Ormandy's best recording to date and one of Victor's better ones.

To the recordings of the Franck Sonata, add another — one for which I do not care.

Heifetz and Rubinstein are great artists. Victor's records are well made. The recording of the piano is an improvement over previous ones. Heifetz plays glowingly, and Rubinstein's performance is live, although he submerges his own gifts to show off his colleague's art.

Yet the style of playing and the tempos are outrageous. They discredit the assets of the recording. This is the Franck Sonata seen through Russian eyes, and, though much of the obnoxious sentimentality is missing, so is the mystical quality which redeems Franck's music.

Once you forget you are listening to Franck's Sonata and decide to hear virtuosity and even excitement, you will be pleased by this set. If you believe, however, in fidelity to a composer's intentions, the set will prove vexing.

The Decca records are re-pressings of discs made abroad. In the volume are the Spring and Kreutzer sonatas.

Mr. Goldberg's and Miss Krauss's style is admirably suited to Beethoven's music. They reveal its freshness, caprice, and poignancy according as each appears in the score. In general their ensemble is good, and their conception of the sonatas leaves little to be questioned, save in the opening movement of the Spring Sonata, where Miss Krauss hesitates unnecessarily before reaching the climax, each time she plays the principal theme.

Technically, the records have entirely too much residue. Most of the time there is a competition between the records and the musicians to see which can be heard more easily. It seems that the desire to keep the cost of the record down obliges Decca to use a substance which militates against a quiet surface.

ARTHUR WALLACE HEPNER

RCA

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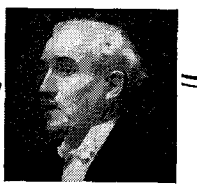

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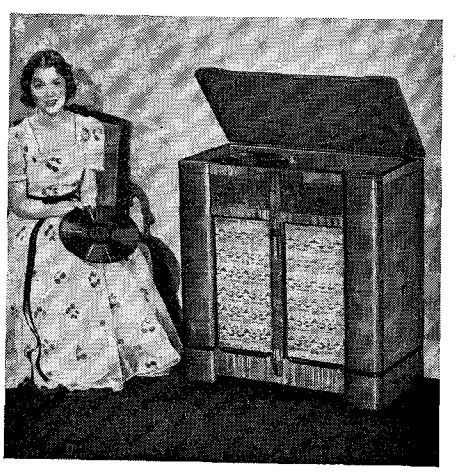

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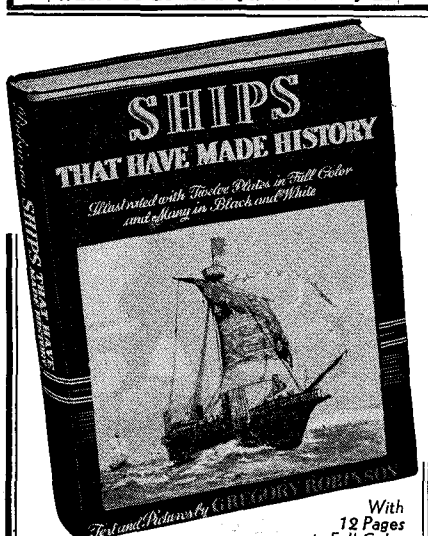
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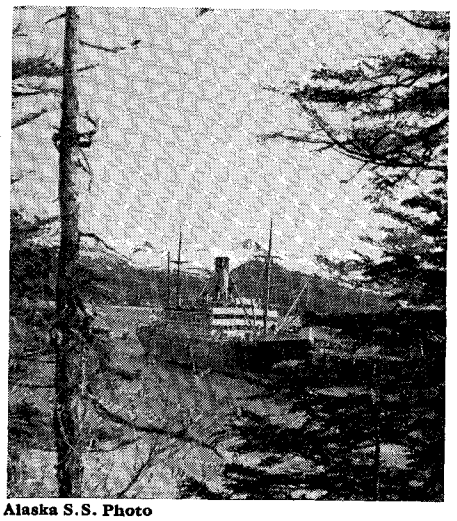
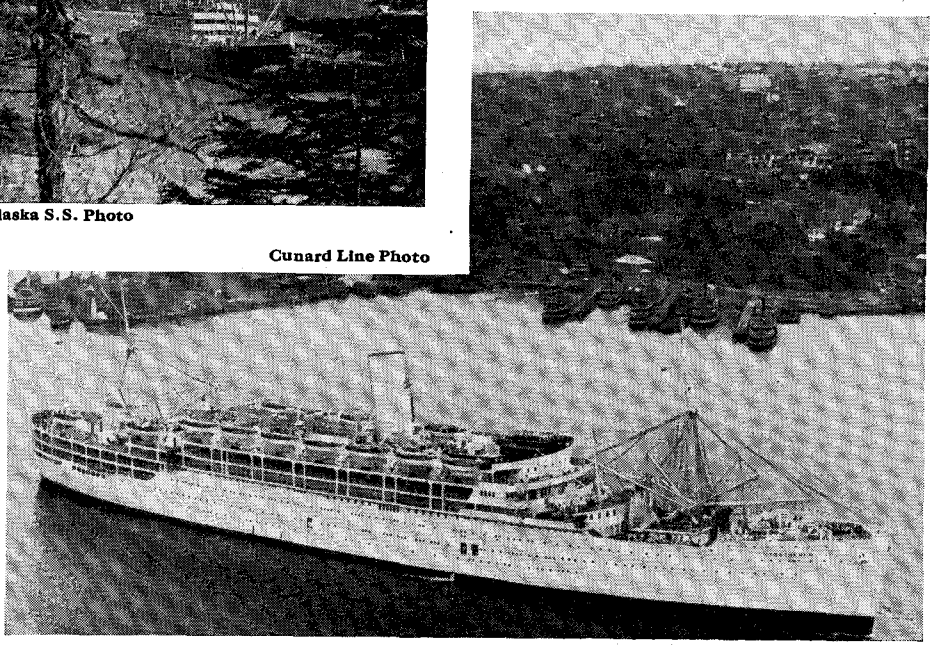


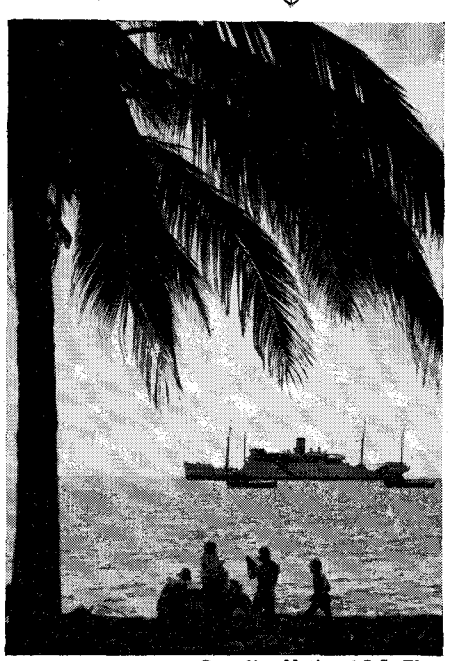
Alaska S.S. Photo

"Surprise Ports" are featured in Alaska cruises as depicted in the photograph at the left, showing the liner Baranof *tied up while her passengers explore nearby forests, or fish*



Cunard Line Photo

The P. & O. liner Stratheden *in Sydney Harbor, Australia, is shown above; and, below, the liner* Lady Drake *at St. Kitts, British West Indies*



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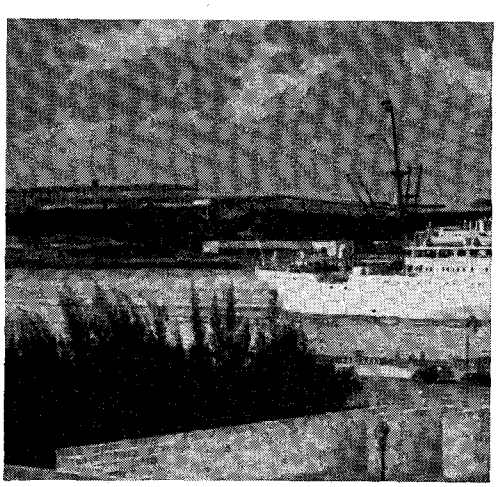

United Fruit Company's

Ports
by HARRY

CHACUN À SON GOÛT — everyone to his own taste. To one it's the approach to the harbor; to another it's the scenery ashore; to others, chiefly interested in people, it's the natives; to some the strange food and drink appeal; some may seek camera possibilities; some search strange shops for plunder; some are intrigued with the intonations of the language; others are alive to color and sound; to still others it may be just the opportunity to stretch one's legs ashore with one's shipboard companions.

That's what makes *ports of call*, that modest reference on all travel folders, the most thrilling and adventurous part of a sea journey.

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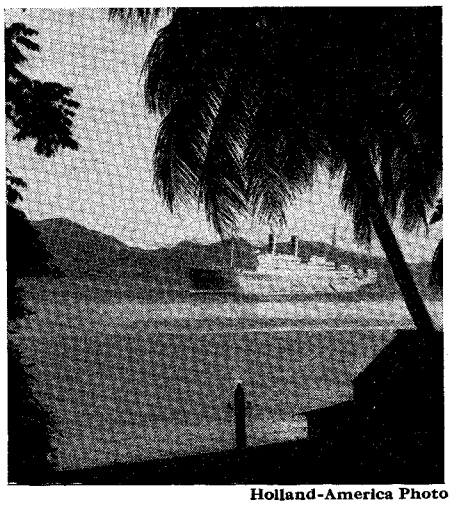
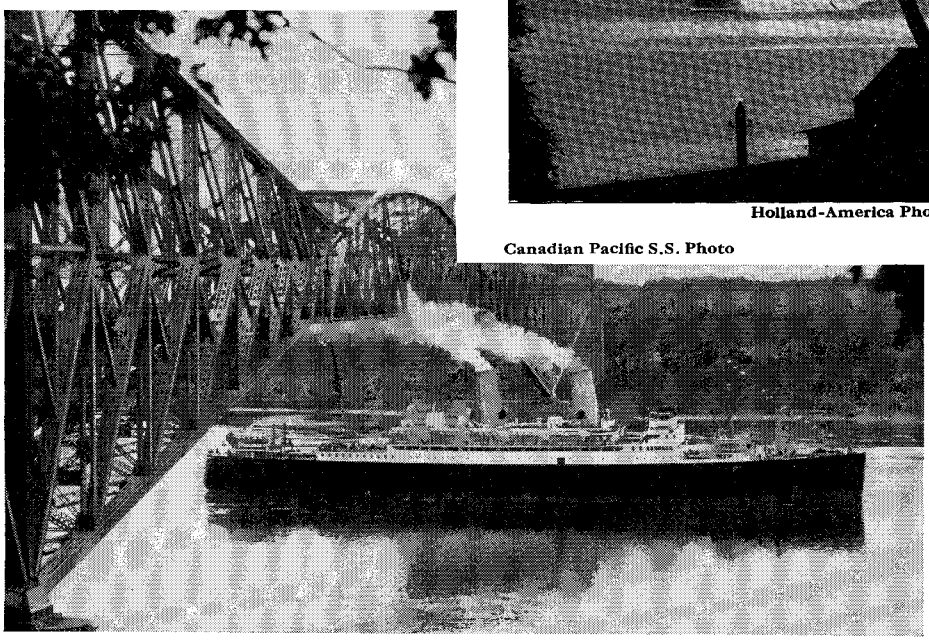
Brilliant sunshine and deep shadow of tropical ports are pictured at the right, with the liner Rotterdam *at anchor in Charlotte Amelie harbor, on a recent Caribbean cruise*

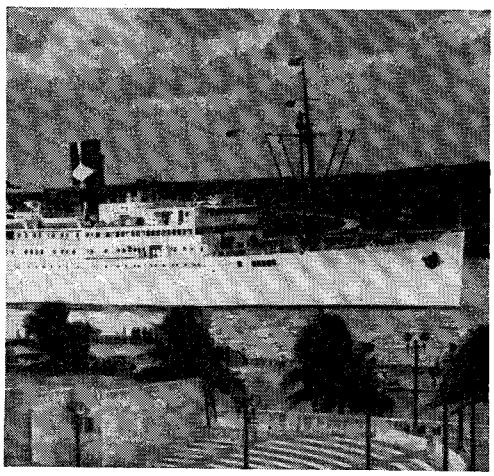


Holland-America Photo



Canadian Pacific S.S. Photo

Quebec's famous bridge and the liner Duchess of Atholl *passing under it are shown above; and, below, the* Santa Paula *lying off LaGuaira, Venezuela*



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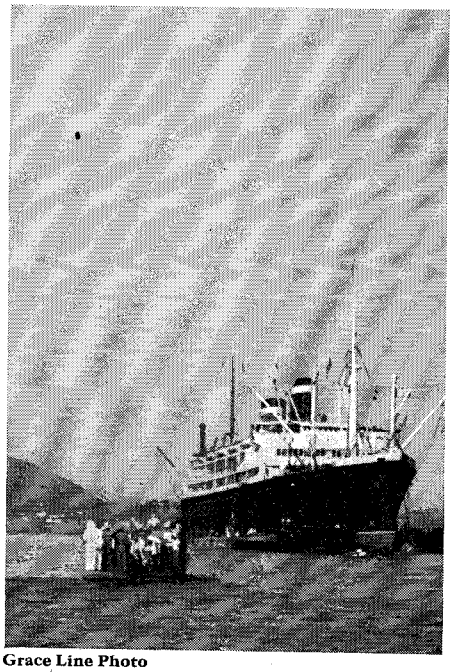
Chiriqui *in Havana Harbor*



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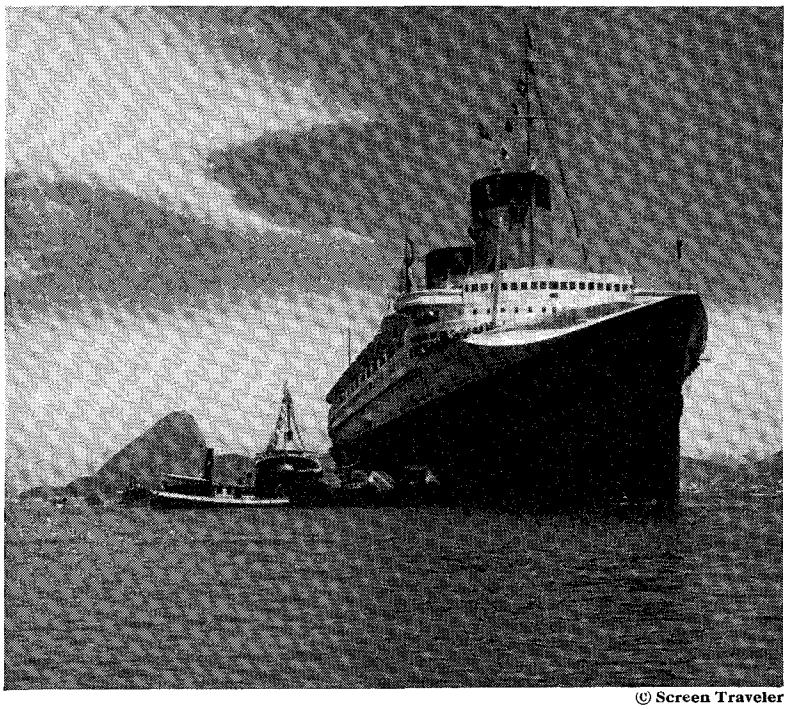

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French Line's Normandie *lying off Rio de Janeiro*

beautiful with bronze statuary, fountains, and luxurious verdure.

Life abounds in its open-air cafés, and people flock to them — not for a breath of fresh air, as the climate of Rio de Janeiro is delightful, but for conviviality.

Is it scenery you seek? Then there's the Gem of the Caribbean, Jamaica. Step ashore at Kingston and continue inland. There you'll find such variety of scene, as you progress, as to leave you spellbound. Small as the island is, it holds lovely mountains; deep canyons; broad, fertile plantations; roaring waterfalls; limpid sea coves; even mysterious swamps. Luxurious tropical vegetation and flowers abound.

Jamaica, now a peaceful British colony, once was the stronghold of those swashbuckling pirates who amed the Spanish Main and left their legends in the lore of the island.

And a short jump away is Venezuela — Little Venice — which offers a splendid field for those interested in people. You'll go ashore at LaGuaira, which nestles in a majestic amphitheater formed by the Andes. You'll travel 40 miles through these Andes along a breathtaking highway that skirts the mountainsides to Caracas, the capital and one of the most beautiful of cities.

Spanish navigators named their discovery Little Venice because they found in the lake dwellings of the Indians of Lake Maracaibo a reminder of the Venetian waterways.

However that may be, you'll be wrong to judge Venezuela by first, and invariably erroneous, impressions of LaGuaira and its people. Do they seem poor? Offer American silver in payment of something. You'll probably be told to put up real money — preferably the native coins, although they will accept American paper money. And also remark on the absence of beggars or panhandlers of any kind.

Should you discover a Venezuelan ogling you, don't be alarmed — or insulted. It's as natural with him as sleep, and he really is complimenting you. There are few better judges of feminine beauty than the Venezuelan! But about Caracas —

This picturesque city is situated 3,000 feet above sea level in the Andes, which tower above it on all sides. It was a strategic point in the Venezuelan war of independence and the birthplace of Simon Bolivar, whose leadership in the war and ultimate victory earned for him the affectionate sobriquet of the Liberator.

To miss a visit to Bolivar's house is to miss one of the most interesting spots in Caracas — among those spots the Plaza, surrounded by government buildings; the university; the cathedral and the Episcopal Palace; the city's many broad and shady avenues and squares; the flower markets; and — of course — the bull ring.

The native residents are justly proud of Caracas not only for its beauty but also because the colony was the first in South America to throw off the yoke of Spain.

Among the pictures accompanying this article is one of the Orient liner *Stratheden* in Sydney, New South Wales, Australia, harbor; and a paragraph or two about Sydney are in order.

Situated on the south shore of Port Jackson, Sydney harbor is one of the finest and largest in the world. It is spanned by a 3,770-foot bridge, opened in 1932, which carries a roadway, 2 footways, and 4 railroad tracks. Sydney was founded in 1788 when the Botany Bay Penal Settlement, established the previous year, was transferred to Port Jackson. The harbor itself is located about 8 miles from the sea.

It is the principal naval station of the Commonwealth and has the state university, the conservatory of music, art galleries, museums, two cathedrals, extensive parks and zoological gardens, and an observatory.

Port Jackson Sound, around which Sydney is built, forms a fine harbor where the largest vessels can anchor safely.

Rio, Kingston, LaGuaira, Sydney — the other side of the world, another part of the world? Not a bit of it.

Just ports of call in the daily routine of the modern traveler.

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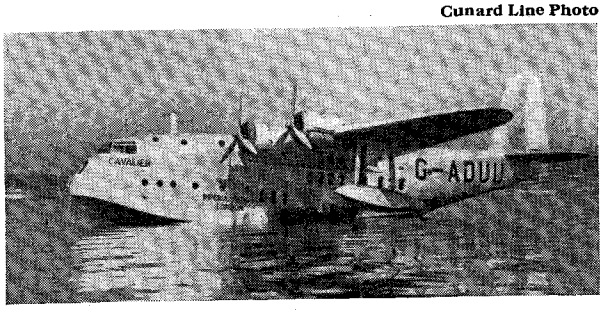

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The Foundation ... and its Code

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> **"We pledge our support to the duly constituted authorities for the elimination of anti-social conditions wherever they may surround the sale of beer to the consumer."**

Being practical men, we promise no miracles. We cannot immediately or effectively "police" the quarter-million points where beer is sold (nor have we legal authority in many cases to do so). Nor can we, immediately, bring about full compliance with the law among all retailers, nor complete enforcement by all authorities.

A beginning has been made. In accordance with our program, we have cooperated with law enforcement authorities. We intend to carry on.

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How far we can go, and how soon, depends on ourselves, and on ***you.*** You can help in three ways:

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Buy only beer or ale brewed by Foundation members.* Show us, and retailers too, that you ***are*** behind us in our efforts to serve the public interest and live up to our Code.

For centuries beer has been the beverage of moderation. In preserving it we must depend upon you leaders of opinion to take action. We urgently invite your full and sympathetic cooperation.

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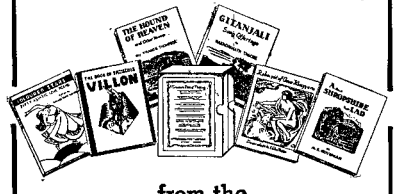

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MY SISTER EILEEN — Ruth McKenney (Harcourt, Brace, $2.00).

A GENTLEMAN called Bangs, who looked like a pirate but wasn't, and another, bearing not unworthily the name Mirabeau Buonaparte Lamar, were the founder and godfather of one of America's most interesting newspapers. Published first as the *Daily News* at Galveston, the paper began in 1842 while Texas was an independent republic; and it is still circulating away (a sort of lymphatic system in the body politic), with Dallas as its headquarters.

Sam Atcheson's *35,000 Days in Texas* tells the story of the *News's* sometimes precarious but always active life, which means that the book is also a sort of foreshortened chronicle of the Lone Star State herself. For, as Texas grew with annexation, cattle, cotton, and finally oil, so the *News* flourished and became a power. And while the State has been furnishing some of our most gusty, mercurial public figures, the paper — less ostentatiously — has come along with editorial stands plain or fancy that are a perpetual joy. Supposedly conservative, it now and again lets fly a knockout blow at the very people who might be counting on its support. The main thing you can be sure of always is its vigor.

All this makes unexpected, brisk reading. Mr. Atcheson writes with verve, humor, and a reporter's elastic sense of what is news even when his beat takes him back over 100 years.

FOR sheer delight in style you are not likely to find any book of the season superior to Rose Macaulay's *The Writings of E. M. Forster*, an alert and graceful critical estimate that combines a rare sensitivity with a robust common sense.

Forster, whose latest and best-known novel, *A Passage to India*, was written many years ago, is also an essayist, biographer, critic, historian. As old age approaches, he has increasingly abandoned his detached and exquisite stories of character to devote his energy to the political arena. Volcanic postwar forces, which his beloved Cambridge never prepared him for, have led him somewhat reluctantly to take sides in what he now sees as a battle he did not seek out. Defense of liberty becomes his greatest pleasure, and heaping scorn on the imbecilities of fascism is a dignified passion with him.

In her sympathetic study of the man, Miss Macaulay has taken his work, book by book, and given with very few false motions its essence and import. Here is the infinitely tactful tribute, by one of the writers of stature today, to a writer of the previous generation whose stature increases because of his vigorous ability to keep his quiet excellence loved in this ever more raucous world.

A VERY satisfying kind of book is one that discovers extraordinary achievements carried off with no ballyhoo. Such is *A New Deal for Youth*, the story of the National Youth Administration, by Betty and Ernest K. Lindley. Impressed by reports of the NYA, the Lindleys assigned themselves to examine it on the hoof. They found little to criticize, much to cheer — and a whole world still to conquer.

Altogether there are about 500,000 young people of 18 to 24 working, learning trades, continuing school under the quiet guidance of the NYA. Another 500,000 have, in the last 3 years, gone out into private jobs or back to homes with at least a very considerable fortification against the future. With few exceptions, the projects these boys and girls built up have been amazingly practical. A swamp drained and turned into a swimming pool; school made possible for children who could not go before because they had no clothes or because there was no bridge across a swollen stream or because there was no schoolhouse; open-air cottages for tuberculars who couldn't afford a hospital. Taken singly, these drops seem lost in our depression bucket. Totaled up they slosh noticeably in that oversized container.

Yet, in spite of past good work, those already enrolled in the NYA are only about a third of this country's present crop of unemployed youngsters. That the

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rest can easily be helped toward hope and self-confidence the Lindleys offer persuasive proof. NYA administrative costs are at an all-time low — about five per cent of total expenditure. There are hundreds of useful projects possible and safe from politics or privilege, and no setup was ever freer from the charge of regimentation.

In summing up all this, the authors have made *A New Deal for Youth* a happy hybrid of tabulated fact and touching human experience. The book is a fine job of reporting and a provocative plea for the next generation.

AMAZONS may have been legendary figures, but matriarchy was a frequent social pattern throughout the length and breadth of Asia before and after the era when those ladies waged their wars and scorned their men. Of the martial past and the marital present of Asiatic women Fannina Halle writes with a freshness of approach that is as much literary as sociological. Having a healthy feminine concern with her sex, she comes to her latest subject, *Women in the Soviet East*, with a long and intimate knowledge.

In the remote taiga and tundras, the author discovered what she believes to be an unparalleled flowering of human personality and productivity. There where Mohammedanism has succeeded matriarchy, women were until recently thrice miserable — as members of nations oppressed by the Czars, as members of a class oppressed within those nations, and as members of the most imposed-on half of that class. The present bridging of the gap, from the Dark Ages to the future in one generation, is the story Miss Halle tells in her personal yet profound survey. Girls who a few years ago might have been bought as child wives are now playing tennis in decidedly Occidental shorts or donning parachutes as naturally as their mothers wore veils. Women who were part of the collective wifery of some nomadic chieftain are today executives on collective farms. Substantially, winningly, Miss Halle's book gives a picture of this little-known renaissance.

STIMULATING and completely unclassifiable is Randolph Leigh's *Conscript Europe* — a sort of Mohammed's-coffin book, poised halfway between contemporary history and prophecy of future chaos. If you want to know all about what are known as Conditions in Europe, with no strictures on what to do about them, this is your meat.

Not that Mr. Leigh makes any pretense of being unbiased. He doesn't like England — or, rather, he hates the oligarchy he believes controls her destinies; and he says so in swift, readable prose. As a veteran European correspondent, he has learned something of the art of making facts tell his story and he is as witty as he appears accurate. He has curt things to say about imperial tricks of bombing in India or Palestine the villages of tribesmen who resist the civilizing influence of Britain's army. And he makes quite clear that England, for all the glories of Oxford and Cambridge, has fewer university students per 1,000,000 of population than have even the fascist countries, where the pursuit of learning has admittedly fallen off of late.

Disliking not only English ways, Mr. Leigh proceeds to turn up for American inspection very unpleasant facts about Germany and Italy. The recent increase in the birth rate and in bastardy is juxtaposed to armament figures, with all the alarming implications clearly apparent. France, too, comes in for a drubbing as the Gimme nation who has somehow presumed that America owes her a living. Having no special knowledge of the middle way of Scandinavia or the left way of the Soviet Union, Mr. Leigh contents himself with fulminating against the right way which he thinks is wrong. America for him — but still he foresees trouble because of the huge appetites and armies of Europe in uniform.

AND now England once again, polished off by another American of wit and slightly abrasive candor. It was Margaret Halsey's personal rather than political fur that got rubbed the wrong way for a whole year while her husband was there as an exchange professor. But she's evened up the score all right. She "raised hell in a diary," entitled by her publisher *With Malice Toward Some*.

This is a definitive work on the British art of annoying Americans and what to do about it. No one can relate an exacerbating incident that the lady cannot match. Her prose is of a quality that should make even an Englishman squirm with envy. She has charm and humor and she breathes fire. (Curiously enough, for all her faults England has never been made to seem more worth giving a whirl than when Miss Halsey has finished with her.)

Just as amusing and no less perspicacious are the Halsey observations of France, of Scandinavia, and of other Americans seen on the way. She's almost as good at describing countryside and city as she is at what her husband calls hitting the nail below the belt. Altogether, *With Malice Toward Some* is a thing you should get and take slowly, for alas it is all too short.

STORMS always raged around the gentle, reflective figure of Justice Cardozo; and it is a not unhappy coincidence that a calm appraisal of him appears now, so soon after his death. How a boy, whose tutor was Horatio Alger, rose serenely — almost unexcitingly — to receive the highest honor in his profession is told in *Cardozo and Frontiers of Legal Thinking*. Outward events, however, are of less concern here than the covert but dynamic adventures in the mind of the great lawyer's lawyer.

Himself a philosopher-lawyer, Beryl Harold Levy, the author of this precise and exhilarating tribute to a great liberal, has made the steadily progressive intra-legal theories of the Justice interesting even to the layman. Why all except those who think change should be exclusively in the past loved and respected Cardozo becomes apparent: he carried on a lifelong crusade to keep the law flexible and in harmony with rapidly changing social conditions.

Mr. Levy has fashioned his book as part essay, part biography, and part anthology of Cardozo's legal opinions. Like his subject, he throws his weight on the side of legal and, as a consequence, social evolution. And his manner is as urbane and unprovocative as his essence is fraught with import.

THOSE pieces Ruth McKenney has been writing for the *New Yorker* are now between boards under the title *My Sister Eileen*. *Pieces* is the right word for them, too. They are fresh, juicy slices cut right out of the tenderest part of the McKenney girls' lives. You can believe that everything in the book really happened, because Ruth herself censored any adventure that would seem to go too far — as, for instance, the time the bats tried to gnaw through their window screens. If it comes as a bit of a shock to you to learn of their experience as tenants in a Greenwich Village house where the fungus in the bathroom had to be cut down every day — well, maybe you never lived in the Village.

The McKenney humor is both rowdy and full of nuance, as richly American as a three-decker sandwich; and it passes the last test of all: you can read it shamelessly and confidently aloud.

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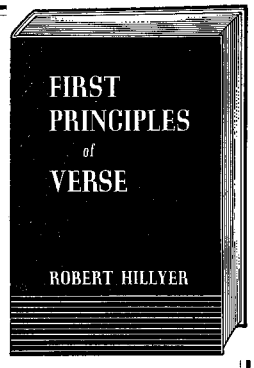

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TOASTS

WALTER ABBOTT is a graduate of Western Reserve University (Cleveland) and is a working newspaperman in a suburb of that city. He has been looking at Cleveland for 30 years and (judging from his article) husbanding his powers of excoriation.

RUPERT YOUNG is a Middle Westerner, a former newspaperman, who has been practicing law for the past ten years and writing occasionally during this time.

MARION CANBY, a member of the Poetry Society of America and the English Poetry Society, has been writing verse for a number of years.

HARLAN TROTT has been with the *Christian Science Monitor* for fifteen years, during which period he has done nearly every job on the paper but has specialized in maritime affairs. He became interested in commercialized gambling some years ago, when writing a series of articles on it for the *Monitor*.

SARA S. MOSER is a native of Georgia who is married to a professor at the University of Tennessee. She has two children but also finds time to do graduate work in psychology.

MRS. RALPH BORSODI, after working for some years in publishing and advertising, gave this up to establish a country home and "experiment in productive living." Being married to an economist who wanted to know whether it really paid to produce in the home, this was no easy job, and Mrs. Borsodi admits she has occasionally despaired at the complications of trying to make a cost analysis amortize domestic machinery.

CHRISTY BORTH, self-educated after service during the War, worked at various jobs in Detroit auto plants until the depression, when he tried writing. He is employed by the *Detroit Free Press* and is Detroit correspondent of *Time*.

ROBERT NATHAN, novelist and poet, published *Winter in April*, his most recent book, early this year.

JAMES CARROLL is a farmer from the Middle South. He formerly taught English in several large universities and has done newspaper work as well as written fiction and poetry.

SPEYTON HENRY is a Philadelphian, aged 22, who studied to be a teacher but after three years decided not to stand it any longer.

WALTER A. TERPENNING is a college professor of economics and sociology. During the past three years, he was in government service, first in the Division of Economics and Statistics of the Federal Housing Administration and then in the Resettlement Administration as Assistant Director in charge of Management in Region III.

MARGARET LATHROP LAW, a Southerner, writes poetry and also lectures about it extensively.

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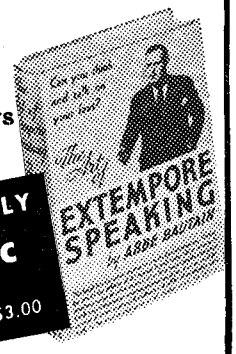

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in THE FORUM. *Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.*

PLANNING IN PITTSBURGH

To the Editor:

Will you favor me by recording, first, the fact that I telegraphed you to ask a change of those two paragraphs of the story "Pittsburgh: What a City Shouldn't Be" [by Dwight Macdonald, August FORUM] in which my name was mentioned; second, the fact that you wired me that the magazine was on the newsstands and no change could be made; third, that I am and probably shall be embarrassed because of the reference to me.

In the paragraph which begins on the last line on page 53 and the next succeeding paragraph, your author has, with careless generosity, assigned credit to me for that which others had done and are publicly credited with doing. I make no comment whatever about the general scope, character, or truth of the article as a whole, nor would I have written you about these two paragraphs had my name been not mentioned. As a matter of fact, this community has been increasingly concerned to advocate and support a development of wise city and community planning; and, in this movement, there are those who see reason to be proud of this civic point of view, just as there are others who emote because all the things that are necessary to be done cannot be done day before yesterday. If increased public understanding, and more and more clear thinking about community problems, is evidence of progress, then I see reason to commend Pittsburgh for this rather than condemn it.

FREDERICK BIGGER

Pittsburgh, Pa.

REORGANIZATION

To the Editor:

The editorial foreword ["Not a Dead Issue"] in the August number of THE FORUM states the issues involved in the proposed bill to reorganize the executive branch of the Government so clearly and unequivocally that I wish it could be read by every citizen. The reorganization bill last winter was not debated on its merits. An adroitly organized and strongly financed campaign of an invisible mail-order government deliberately obscured the merits of the proposed bill and momentarily misled even Congressmen who should have known better as to the real sentiment of the American people towards its essential provisions. The great mass of our people cannot be cajoled into rubber-stamping letters and telegrams without knowledge of the essential facts. True democratic statesmanship fights and does not yield to a noisy, truculent or mercenary minority. As you point out, the reorganization bill is not likely to remain a dead issue. The American people are determined to have both democratic government and efficient administration and are not going to be cheated out of the one by demagogues or out of the other by spoilsmen.

HAROLD L. ICKES

Secretary of the Interior

Washington, D. C.

APOLOGIES TO INDIANA

To the Editor:

In the July issue of THE FORUM there appeared an article entitled "Forgotten Dollars," written by Helena Huntington Smith. . . . I quote from it. . . .

"However, only one State, Indiana, has incorporated this form of banker sentiment into a law which is better for the bank than it is for the depositor. Under this statute, after one year of inactivity, an account is declared dormant and is thereafter subject to service charges, which eat it away until the bank has got it all."

. . . . . .

. . . It is obvious that the earnings produced by many accounts of negligible balance, protected by extra safeguards, would be insufficient to offset the expenses incurred by them. . . .

. . . Subsequently, the Commission for Financial Institutions issued its Bank Regulation No. 11, specifying the manner by which banks could charge a *maintenance* fee against these dormant accounts. . . .

. . . While the minimum inactive period in the case of a checking account is set at one year, for savings accounts the minimum time is three years. Please also note that the maximum maintenance charge that can be made is three dollars per year, or 25 cents per month, and that no charge is permitted against inactive accounts with balances of $100 or more — the accounts that "pay for their keep" are not disturbed at all, in other words.

DON E. WARRICK, *Secretary*

Indiana Bankers Association

Indianapolis, Ind.

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